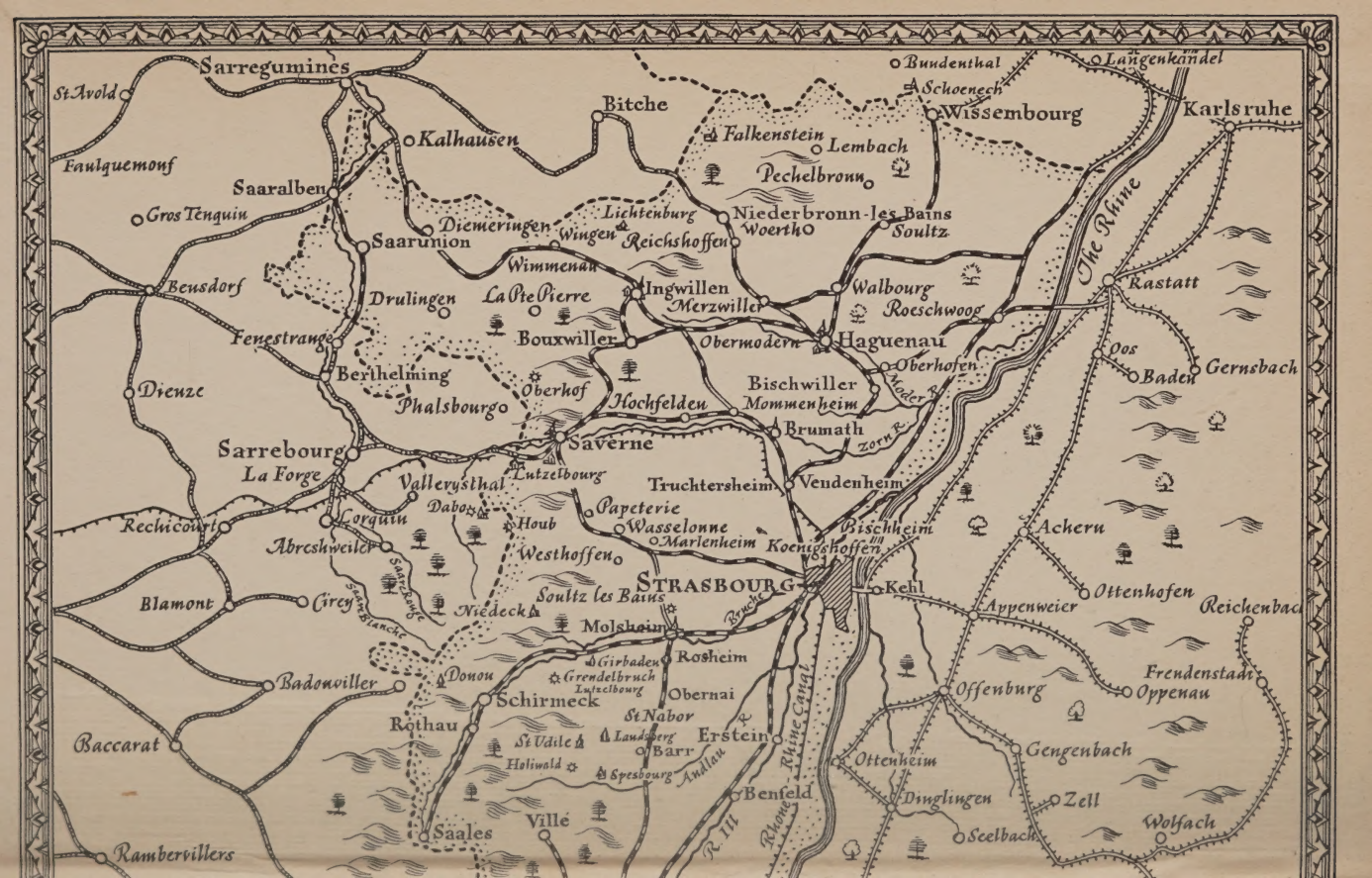

Sarreguminès
St Avold
Faulquemont
Gros Tenquin
Saaralben
Kalhausen
Bitche
Bundenthal
Schoenech
Wissembourg
Langenkandel
Karlsruhe
Falkenstein
Lembach
Pechelbronn
Diemeringen
Lichtenburg
Wingen
Reichshoffen
Niederbronn-les Bains
Woerth
Soultz
Saarunion
Wimmenau
Beusdorf
Drulingen
La Pte Pierre
Ingwillen
Merzwiller
Walbourg
Roeschwoog
The Rhine
Rastatt
Fenestrange
Bouxwiller
Obermodern
Haguenau
Oberhofen
Oos
Baden
Gernsbach
Dieuze
Berthelming
Oberhof
Phalsbourg
Hochfelden
Bischwiller
Mommenheim
Moder R.
Brumath
Zorn R.
Sarrebourg
La Forge
Saverne
Lutzelbourg
Vallerysthal
Truchtersheim
Vendenheim
Rechicourt
Dabo
Houb
Papeterie
Wasselonne
Marlenheim
Koenigshoffen
Bischheim
Achern
Abreschweiler
Westhoffen
Sarre Blanche
Blamont
Cirey
Niedeck
Soultz les Bains
STRASBOURG
Kehl
Appenweier
Ottenhofen
Reichenbach
Molsheim
Bruche
Girbaden
Rosheim
Grendelbruch
Lutzelbourg
Donon
Badonviller
Schirmeck
Obernai
Offenburg
Frendenstadt
Oppenau
Rothau
St Nabor
Baccarat
St Odile
Landsberg
Erstein
Barr
Holiwald
Spesbourg
Andlau
Rhine Canal
Ottenheim
Gengenbach
Benfeld
Dinglingen
Zell
Wolfach
Saales
Ville
R. Ill
Rhone
Scelbach
Rambervillers

A Map of ALSACE
St Die
Brouvelieres
Bruyeres
Fraize
St Marie aux Mines
Chatenois
Selestat
Sundhausen
Ribeauville
La Pontroye
Markolsheim
Ostheim
Kaysersburg
Weiss R.
Trois Epis
Turkheim
COLMAR
The Rhine
Kensingen
Riegel
Elzach
Horuberg
St Georger
Waldkirch
Furtwangen
Gerardmer
Munster
Soultsbach
Neuf Brisach
Alt Brisach
Freiburg
Remiremont
Metzeral
Wildenstein
Rouffach
Lautenbach
Cornimont
Krath
Saulxures
Guebwiller
Soultz
St Amarin
Ensisheim
Rhone-Rhine Canal
Neustadt
Le Thillot
BALLON D'ALSACE
Thann
Cernay
Neuenburg
Sewen
Massevaux
Masmunster
Aspach
Bänzenheim
MULHOUSE
Sanitheim
Burnhaupt
Kandern
Giromagny
Champagney
Walshut
Wehr
Belfort
Valdieux
Dannemarie
Altkirch
Carspach
Lorrach
Montreux
Basel
Ferrette
A·E·TAYLOR·26

A WAYFARER IN ALSACE

IN SÉLESTAT
(*See Chapter IX*)

A WAYFARER IN ALSACE

BY

B. S. TOWNROE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE
RT. HON. THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G., G.C.V.O.
LATE H.M. AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE

WITH 18 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1926

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G., G.C.V.O., LATE H.M. AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE	ix
	PREFACE	xi
CHAPTER		
I.	ALSACE YESTERDAY	1
II.	A FRONTIER LAND	13
III.	EN ROUTE	21
IV.	AROUND SAVERNE	32
V.	STRASBOURG	43
VI.	MORE ABOUT STRASBOURG	55
VII.	WISSEMBOURG AND DISTRICT	67
VIII.	A CONVENT AND A CASTLE	76
IX.	SÉLESTAT	89
X.	COLMAR	101
XI.	IN THE VOSGES	114
XII.	BY THE RHINE	127
XIII.	MULHOUSE	138

CHAPTER		PAGE
XIV.	AROUND THANN	148
XV.	WAYSIDE CONVERSATIONS	158
XVI.	GOETHE IN ALSACE	172
XVII.	SERMONS IN STONES	184
XVIII.	ALSACE TO-DAY	194
	INDEX	207

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MAP OF ALSACE . . . . . *Front end paper*

IN SÉLESTAT . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

THE BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT STRASBOURG . . 10

LE HAUT-BARR 32

BARR 32

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK IN STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL . 46

LES JARDINS UNGEMACH AT STRASBOURG 60

STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL 72

A GARDEN OF M. WEILLER'S HOUSE 90

OLD ARSENAL AT SÉLESTAT 96

A "VENETIAN" SCENE AT COLMAR 102

OLD GATEWAY AT TURCKHEIM 120

KAYSERBERG 124

THE SORCERER'S TOWER AT THANN 152

THE UNIVERSITY OF STRASBOURG 174

CHÂTEAU OF ST. ULRICH ABOVE RIBEAUVILLE . . . 188

LA MAISON PFISTER AT COLMAR 192

AN OLD FOUNTAIN IN COLMAR 192

PLACE KLÉBER AT STRASBOURG 196

INTRODUCTION

BY THE

RT. HON. THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G., G.C.V.O.

FOR those who cannot have the pleasure of visiting France, books containing first-hand descriptions and photographs are the best substitutes; while for those who are contemplating a tour, such a book as this will be of practical value. It explains how Alsace has played a prominent part in European history, and tells something of the beauties of the towns and country that may be found there. Many Englishmen travel through Strasbourg and Colmar on their way to Switzerland in complete ignorance of the treasures of history, architecture and landscape that they are missing.

But far more important is the fact that the writer, who visited the reoccupied parts of Alsace at the end of the war, and recently was in this frontier land as the representative

of the United Associations of Great Britain and France, has had exceptional opportunities to learn for himself that English people were never more popular in any part of Europe than they are in Alsace to-day. I hope that many of my fellow-countrymen after reading the book will decide to see for themselves some of the places described, for the freer the intercourse between the people of the two countries, the closer the knowledge and the more devoted friendship.

February 1926

PREFACE

ALL impressions of a foreign country must necessarily be superficial, unless the writer has lived there for many years. Even then his opinions are apt to be coloured by his environment and by his particular friends. In these random jottings of a wayfarer in Alsace will be found the impressions of one who has visited the country in war and in peace. If there are mistakes of facts, I shall be glad to be corrected, but on the opinions expressed there are bound to be some who may disagree, although I have tried to write without undue bias or prejudice.

I owe a special debt of gratitude to M. le Sénateur Lazare Weiller, himself an Alsatian, who after becoming one of the foremost leaders of industry in France, was elected comparatively late in life a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and is now one of the Senators for Alsace. He has shown my wife and myself endless kindnesses, and enabled us to meet all sorts and conditions of Alsatians.

It would be impossible to mention the hundreds of others who extended us many courtesies, but I must add a word of thanks to our own British Consul-General at Strasbourg, Sir Oliver Wardrop, who so readily helped to open the doors of a foreign country to a stranger.

I must also thank the editors of *The Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *English Review*, the *Review of Reviews*, the *Architects' Journal*, and the *Field*, for permission to reproduce here extracts from articles that I have contributed to their columns.

I owe a debt of thanks to M. Weiller, M. Dachert, and to the Compagnie des Chemins de Fer d'Alsace et de Lorraine for permission to use certain of the photographs published in this book.

For the correction of the manuscript and proofs I am deeply grateful to my colleague in Paris, M. G. H. Camerlynck.

B. S. TOWNROE

HAMPSTEAD

February 1926

A WAYFARER IN ALSACE

CHAPTER I

ALSACE YESTERDAY

"It is best to keep as tranquil as possible in misfortune, and not to be vexed or resentful: for we cannot see what good or evil there is in such things, and impatience does not in any way help us forwards; also because nothing in human affairs deserves serious anxiety, and grief stands in the way to hinder the self-succour that our duty immediately requires of us."

PLATO

ONE frosty morning in 1918 I was looking out of an observation post in the line on the Vosges held by the Chasseurs Alpins. Below us extended the plain of Alsace. My companion on the right, a man of infinite knowledge, pointed out the well-known landmarks, and chatted quietly about the history of the land that lay at our feet. Julius Cæsar, the Emperor Probus, Sainte-Odile, Clovis, the King of the Franks, Charlemagne, Peter the Hermit, Turenne, Louis XIV, Napoleon, Charles X, the Kaiser, Marshal Joffre—the chief characters of European history for the last two thousand years have played their part

with glory or shame on that stage. Even then I wished that I could express to my own fellow countrymen something of the romance of the frontier land, its beauty of river and mountain and the indomitable spirit of its people.

Later on, under more peaceful and far more pleasant conditions, came an opportunity, eagerly seized, to visit Alsace again. Before attempting to describe it as it is to-day, however, I must refer to some of the main incidents of a crowded and tempestuous past.

One cannot "skip" Alsatian history, however pressing is the temptation to hurry on across the centuries to the present day. The struggle in the twentieth century for the possession of the right or left bank of the Rhine dates back from the dim ages of history, when the Celts drove back, with the help of Julius Cæsar, the Germanic chief Ariovistus to the other side of the Rhine. When in 1790 the French Republic was recognized by citizens of Strasbourg, who saluted the tricolour under the shadow of the Cathedral, a link was formed connecting the centuries, during which there had been constant refusal to accept German domination in any form.

Alsace played its part in breaking up the Empire of Charlemagne, the so-called Holy Roman Empire that Voltaire said was neither Holy nor an Empire nor Roman. By the Treaty of Westphalia Alsace again became united with France, and about that time a medal was struck on which were the significant words "Gaul closed to Germany".

When a century later the Duchy of Lorraine fell into the hands of Louis XV by his marriage with the daughter of Stanislas Leszcynski, there followed steady,

peaceful administration, and one of the French historians describes the peace and happiness that the inhabitants enjoyed at that time.

Then came the Revolution, and the "Marseillaise" was heard for the first time when it was sung at Strasbourg by Rouget de l'Isle on 26 April, 1792, in the house of Frederic Dietrich, the first Mayor of Strasbourg. The young Lieutenant, Rouget de l'Isle, was a friend of the family, and had just written this war hymn, which might more aptly have been called "La Strasbourgeoise". One of the daughters sat down at the harpsichord, and then for the first time was heard from the open windows the melody that for over a century has been an inspiration to French patriots:

> "Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
> Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

The song inflamed the hearts of the citizens of Strasbourg and spread rapidly to Paris. Its peculiar power over men's emotions has been immeasurable. "It has cost us 500,000 men" was one German comment.

The site of the house where the song was first sung can now be gazed at by the faithful. I made a solemn pilgrimage to the spot, and found on the one side a modern building of steel-framed construction being rapidly lifted into place by gigantic cranes, and on the other side some hideous posters of pictures that were being shown at the local cinemas.

Although the original house occupied by the Mayor has been pulled down, the chant of war continues to reverberate, and one Whit-Monday from early

in the morning until past midnight we heard the melody being played by various instruments and sung in varying keys, sometimes clashing discordantly, in honour of the visit of the President of the French Republic. The present generation of Alsatians are exceedingly proud of the fact that their capital city was the cradle of the "Marseillaise". They also tell with pride of the heroic Generals born in Alsace who served in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, and proved by their achievements how complete and indissoluble was the fusion of France during the Napoleonic wars.

There was Kléber, the son of the bricklayer, who joined as a volunteer in 1783. He served in La Vendée, Belgium, Germany, and then in Egypt, where as Commander-in-Chief he conquered at Heliopolis an army six times as numerous as his own. His monument stands to-day in the midst of the principal square of Strasbourg, and at certain times the students and citizens walk past in silence, raising their hats as we do when passing the Cenotaph.

Another famous Alsatian General was Lefebvre, a miller's son. He was a recruit at the age of eighteen, a General at thirty-eight, and a Field-Marshal at fifty. He returned to his native village of Rouffach during his convalescence after a wound, and it is said that his mother made a point of walking up and down the streets hanging on to the arm of her famous son, and ever afterwards signed her name at the bottom of letters "Marie, the mother of the Field-Marshal".

As the wayfarer journeys through this country he will find many memorials to Napoleon's Generals. There was Rapp, the son of a concierge at Colmar, and Kellermann, and Stengel, and Ney, and Lassalle.

The achievements of these men show how a military career was always open to ability under Napoleon, and how Alsatian soldiers took full advantage of the opportunities offered.

When the Little Corporal was conquered by the allies Alsace was overrun, and stories are still told of the Cossacks from Russia who appeared in quiet village streets. Eventually in 1818 the Germans and Austrians and others who were occupying the country departed, and then commenced fifty years of freedom and prosperity. Literature flourished. The two Departments during this time sent to the Parliament in Paris such illustrious citizens as Benjamin Constant and Lafayette. Among writers and artists should be remembered the names of Erckmann-Chatrian, Gustave Doré, and many others naturally known better in France than in England as men of conspicuous genius.

Later in this book I shall have something to say of the industrial developments of this era. In the valleys below the Vosges cotton and flannel mills entered upon a time of prosperity. Railways and canals were built. This is the time when the foundations were well and truly laid of the commercial success of Alsace in the world.

Then came the war of 1870, and little Alsace, that unfortunate buffer State whose soil is soaked with the blood of conflicts dating from the shadowy past, was again the scene of fierce struggles. Within her borders France suffered her first defeats. Strasbourg was bombarded and eventually capitulated. Belfort held out for three hundred days and Bitche for eight months, but in the end defeated France had, at the Treaty of Frankfort, to give up Alsace with the exception of Belfort.

The Deputies from the two provinces made an eloquent protest against the annexation, in which may be found this prophetic phrase: "Your brothers of Alsace and of Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, will preserve for France, absent from their homes, unchanging affection until the day when she will come to regain her position." It is a significant fact that all the candidates who were elected in February 1874 to go to the Parliament in Berlin protested against the annexation. One of the Deputies, by name Teutsch, cried aloud to his colleagues: "In the name of the men and women of Alsace-Lorraine, we protest against the abuse of force of which our country is the victim."

Thousands of Alsatians emigrated at this time. They thronged the roads, and often for lack of accommodation had to sleep out in the public squares of Belfort or Nancy, surrounded by such scraps of family furniture as they were able to carry with them. Tragic stories of those days were told me by old men who left Alsace at that time, and returned after the Armistice, in order that they might pass the last few years of their lives in their childhood's home.

Across the Rhine at the same time entered hordes of German emigrants and officials who settled upon the country. As administrators they conferred certain benefits upon the new provinces, but they completely missed their opportunity of winning the sympathy of the population. First they tried a policy of conciliation, but although the central organization of Germany took many steps in order to encourage the industrial and commercial development of Alsace, it was found impossible to change Frenchmen into Teutons. In 1887 the fifteen Deputies who were elected were all

still defiantly opposed to the annexation. They expressed their opinions publicly, and they received 82,000 more votes than the Deputies who were elected in 1874, at a time when the wrong done was fresh in the minds of everyone.

The obstinate resistance of Alsace led to a decision on the part of Berlin to carry out a policy of repression. One high German official declared that mercy was a mistake and moderation a danger. Newspapers were suppressed. French secret societies were broken up. A system of passports was introduced which effectually prevented the inhabitants of the country from seeing their relations or friends in France. Those who were suspected of being too friendly with the Government in Paris were prosecuted. Rapp, the Vicar-General of Strasbourg, had to choose in twenty-four hours between expulsion or imprisonment in a fortress. The brother of M. Appell, who was till recently the distinguished Rector of the University of Paris, was imprisoned, and eventually died from his sufferings and privation. In spite of all, the Alsatians protested.

> "On changerait plutôt le cœur de place
> Que de changer la vieille Alsace."

In despair the Germans tried another change of policy in 1911. They announced that Alsace was to be "for the Alsatians". There was much talk of a form of Home Rule that was to be granted. And eventually the Reichstag agreed to a new form of constitution which theoretically gave Alsace and her people autonomy. The officials, however, of German origin still remained in their offices. The secret police never ceased their work, and it was soon dis-

covered that, however attractive Home Rule seemed in outward guise, the actual power still remained in the hands of the Kaiser and his nominees. Any concessions asked for by the Alsatian Parliament could be vetoed by the Kaiser, who thus had the last word. In fact, the central powers seized back again with the one hand what they gave with the other.

From 1913 onwards the inhabitants of Alsace were well aware that the war clouds were shortly to burst. They realized this from the increased pressure of recruiting for military service and also from the increase of taxation. The Abbé Wetterlé has stated that in September 1913 he warned General Pau in these prophetic words : " Mon Général, I believe that war will break out either in May or July next year." On 3 August, 1914, war was declared by Germany on France, but on the previous evening the first casualty occurred when a German lieutenant belonging to the Dragoons of Mulhouse crossed the frontier south of Belfort and killed a French soldier, Peugeot, and immediately afterwards was killed himself by the man's comrades. Thus, within sight of the Vosges, those hills on which took place some of the fiercest fighting of the war, and which to-day offer the wayfarer some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, the first death of the world war occurred.

After that the curtain dropped. Through spies a little information filtered out over the frontier as to what was happening in Alsace. As will be described later in this book, the Alsatian people in many cases suffered as acutely as the massacred Belgians, but the world has heard little of their anguish, for war correspondents had little opportunity of seeing for themselves the reign of terror that followed the first French

successes in the Vosges. Many villages were burnt and their chief residents shot as an example to others not to show any signs of good feeling towards France. Houses were pillaged. German soldiers helped themselves freely to the good wine of the country stored away in cellars. In almost every village to-day the wayfarer can hear how the Bavarians and others tried in 1914 to live on the country.

After a time, as far as I can gather, the attitude of the troops became much milder and more friendly towards the inhabitants. When it became more and more apparent that Britain and France might be defeated, and Germany gain the victory, the orders from Berlin were not to antagonize the Alsatian people in the hope of their future complete assimilation. But, curiously enough, the Allies refused to recognize that they had been beaten, and then, as will be shown later, organized plundering of factories and mills took place. Rumours of the turn of the tide on the Western front at last reached the ears of the Alsatians. One old man described to me how he was suspicious of all such stories, until one day he saw a German infantry battalion walking in disorder up the village street, with German soldiers kicking certain unpopular officers behind !

A most interesting discovery of secret documents was made after the Armistice in the Archives of the German Imperial Office of Alsace-Lorraine. These have now been edited by M. Charles Schmidt, the Archivist to the French National Record Office, and reveal the schemes of oppression, confiscation and deportation that were planned by the German General Staff and the Berlin Government.

These documents are historical. The Secretary of

State for Alsace-Lorraine on 10 October, 1918, when it was evident that the collapse of the Army was near, ordered all papers to be destroyed, so that they might not fall into the hands of the enemy. Certain records were, however, left behind, either because higher officials were in too great haste to pack up and fly, or because subordinates had not the knowledge to select those records that at all cost should have been destroyed. Whatever the reason, there was found a memorandum of the decision of a conference that was held in Bingen on 15 and 16 June, 1917, in which the rapid and ruthless Germanization of Alsace was proposed. Then there were also discovered in the top attic of the German Government offices at Strasbourg other documents from the Bavarian Government, from the Home Secretary, and even from Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, as to the fate of Alsace after the war. Although the war built up a wall around Alsace from 1914–18, a memorandum of Von Hindenburg written on 27 December, 1917, when he was Chief of the General Staff with the Army in the field, must show the world what a fate victorious Germany was preparing for Alsace.

In his opinion, in the interests of security—the word sounds familiar in 1925—Alsace-Lorraine should be placed under the command of a dictator, and should be annexed to the kingdom of Prussia, "the largest and mightiest of the confederate States" of Germany.

Von Hindenburg in this memorandum, which is addressed to the nine persons whose names were found typewritten on the copy filed in the office, considered that, in order to resist "French machinations", there should be a military governor who

THE BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT STRASBOURG
FRENCH SOLDIERS ON GUARD BELOW THE GALLIC COCK

should ensure the compulsory disposal of all French property, including landed estates and industrial concerns, and the total exclusion of French insurance companies and French capital. He would have German education in all schools and especially in churches, and compulsory military service for students in the Catholic religious seminaries, whom he suspected of being too friendly to France. He even proposed to attack girls' boarding schools, as it was thought that they were "the canker of the country", where the future mothers were taught to love France rather than Germany. He also wished to appoint Old German officials in all the superior posts. In order that there should be no possible danger of revolt, the Field-Marshal proposed that all aliens should be prohibited from shooting and hunting.

In his conclusion he confessed that experiences both before the war and during the war had made it only too evident that the inhabitants of Alsace "do not feel at ease within the German Empire's frame. . . . After promising beginnings, the situation has become visibly worse. . . . Annexation to Prussia is in all respects the simplest and best settlement".

Hindenburg based this programme on imperative military grounds, and would evidently have taken steps as Dictator to destroy entirely the French element in the population. The replies to his memorandum were also found at Strasbourg, and they show that there was general agreement as to the need for sterner measures, although some of the civilians consulted inclined towards granting autonomy to Alsace, or dividing her up and apportioning the remnants between Bavaria, Prussia and Baden. This suggestion, however, never found favour with the High Command of

the Army, who made every effort to liquidate French property, and so to prepare for the incorporation with Prussia.

It is interesting to read these documents that prove conclusively the aims of Germany. In the interests of a proper perspective, it is good that we should thus have available the plans of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg as outlined by him not ten years ago. Has he changed at heart now he has been elected President ?

That is a question that can be answered according to prejudices, but it is an undisputed fact that many of the arguments used in these secret documents are precisely the same as those proclaimed by those enemies of France to-day who advocate an autonomous Alsace.

It is also evident to any traveller in that country that France has gone to the very opposite extreme of the policy advocated by Hindenburg. There is no repression. The study of the German language is actually encouraged in the University of Strasbourg and in the schools in the country. Many native-born Germans have been allowed to take French nationality because they married Alsatian women. There are no signs whatsoever of any form of military dictatorship, and, indeed, the present Military Governor, General Berthelot, is as genial and open-minded a man as I have ever met. Complete freedom is allowed to the Press to put forward arguments for or against France, and I have read articles directed against M. Herriot's religious policy, which, if they had been published in England, would have attracted the attention of the Director of Public Prosecutions. Alsace to-day is free, but she narrowly escaped the dictatorship of Hindenburg.

CHAPTER II

A FRONTIER LAND

" Soyons vrais, là est le secret de l'éloquence et de la vertu, là est l'autorité morale, c'est la plus haute maxime de l'art et de la vie."

HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL

COMPLAINTS may occasionally be heard from English and American tourists that they are not given a warm enough welcome on the Continent. If this be true of some countries, Alsace is certainly a happy exception, as a personal experience may perhaps illustrate. When we stepped out of the train at Strasbourg a smiling porter seized our suit-cases, and in reply to our painstaking French, inquired in broken English with a merry twinkle in his eye :—

" 'Ave you any more luggage ? "

" Yes, in the van," we replied, and then complimented him : " You speak English well."

" Ah, yes," he replied. " I was in an English prison camp in Birmingham for four and a half months in 1918. It was the 'appiest time of my life."

He seemed to regard the fact that he had been our compulsory guest as a special recommendation to our favour, and on the way to the hotel bus discoursed cheerily about his friends in England. Probably he

was one of the hundreds of deserters who succeeded in crossing the lines.

This unexpected greeting from an ex-conscript of the German Army is typical of the welcome that the English may expect in Alsace to-day. For although many Alsatians were compelled to serve against us during the war, they are intensely friendly to this country.

It would appear, moreover, from the stories they tell that these conscripts must have been a thorough nuisance to the German General Staff. For the Alsatian is in certain respects akin to the Irishman. He is usually "agin the Government"; he is somewhat obstinate, with a vein of rather malicious wit, and he possesses great independence and initiative. It is probably owing to these very characteristics that he has survived centuries of invasions from across the Rhine, and continues to prosper in a country that has been a battlefield since the days of Julius Cæsar.

An illustration of an Alsatian's way in the Kaiser's Army was told me by a Strasbourgeois, a Monsieur K., who some twelve years ago was an undergraduate at Oxford. As soon as war was imminent, he retired to bed suffering from a so-called fever, and escaped the initial mobilization. As, however, he had shown himself in his speeches and writings to be strongly pro-French, it was hardly surprising that before long he was denounced to the German recruiting authorities, who decided that he would be less likely to cause mischief in Danzig than close to the French frontier. Accordingly, he was sent to the Baltic provinces under the escort of a portly Bavarian sergeant. On arrival in Berlin he entertained the sergeant so liberally that

he left the good man dead drunk in a café, and then proceeded to enjoy himself for a few days. When his cash was exhausted, he made his way to Danzig and submissively reported himself, expecting at least a month's imprisonment, which he regarded as far preferable to a month on the Russian front—the fate usually reserved for Alsatians. But the officer before whom he appeared happened to be a Pole, with the result that the former student of St. John's College, Oxford, found himself given a billet in the German Army, in which there was little work of any kind to do, except to report each morning at a dispensary, and serve under conditions that enabled him to live in a private room in a house in the town and continue his studies.

He lived very happily there until 1917, when a "combing out" was commenced of all "Category A" men, just as occurred at that time in England. On that occasion K. reported himself to a friendly Polish doctor, who considerately decided that he was again suffering from high fever, and sent him to hospital, where he was nursed by the charming lady who is now his wife. At the end of this time the hue and cry for men fit for the front line had died down, and K. continued his courtship in German uniform, but without doing a stroke of work for the Fatherland. In fact, he declares that the first time he used a rifle was when he helped forward the revolution in Germany at the conclusion of 1918!

Another example of Alsatian mentality outwitting the German military authorities was given by a man now serving in a china store in a small town near Strasbourg. This good Alsatian was called up and posted to a regiment at Munich. After some months,

during which he systematically succeeded in evading being sent to the front, he obtained leave to return home *en permission*. There a friend provided him with civilian dress, and he walked to a quiet part of the line close to Thann, where at night he wriggled over the line and surrendered himself to the first Frenchman he met, spending the rest of the war at Lyons in an administrative capacity. Such desertion was by no means unique. One regiment composed entirely of Alsatians was sent in October 1914 into the line to the north of Metz. On the first night a patrol entered into communication with a French patrol, and, on the following night, the whole of the rank and file of the regiment deserted, together with all the stores, ammunition, and even the band instruments, and dragging with them a certain number of captive German officers. After that Alsatian soldiers in the German Army were carefully sent to the Russian front, and the survivors declare that they were shelled from behind by German guns.

Almost every family has stories to tell of the war period. At a well-to-do house I was told one day after lunch the following experience of a well-known Alsatian banker. He was suspected in 1915 of having French sympathies, was arrested, and was tried by court martial, but he was a man of quick wit and strong character. The President of the Court said to him :—

" You speak French ? "

" Yes, that is true, but I also speak German."

" It is said ", continued the President, " that you have a picture of Napoleon in your study ? "

" That is true ; so has the Crown Prince."

" You have French books in your library ? "

"Yes, but I have also German books."

The President then asked him to sign a paper declaring that he was a good German citizen. The banker refused to do so, saying :—

"You compel me to accept German nationality, but I will not voluntarily sign such a paper."

They then threatened him, saying :—

"If you will sign, we will set you free ; but if not, you shall have five years' imprisonment, and in your present state of health you will never survive that."

The Alsatian banker still refused, and eventually the Court sent him to Russia to serve as a private. In 1917 he was asked to accept a commission, but answered :—

"No, no, you are not logical. You forced me to become a private, and I will not agree voluntarily to be an officer."

A few months later he was awarded an Iron Cross, and exclaimed indignantly :—

"If you give it to me, I will throw it in the gutter."

This incident is typical of the spirit of the majority of the Alsatians. They have been so bullied, threatened and cajoled that it is hardly surprising, however regrettable it may be, that under such circumstances there is a profound distrust of their old masters, and no one can fail to hear many stories bearing on the conduct of their former German masters.

Since the Armistice, after the first flush of relief, Alsace has passed through a trying period, needing patience and forbearance. Few who live outside a frontier land can have any idea how many are the

administrative difficulties that arise when a whole country changes its nationality.

One example will show some of the problems. A certain English lady some twenty years ago married an Alsatian, who was so devoted to France that he left his home in 1914 and helped the French and English throughout the war, taking good care not to be of any service to Germany. But as he happened to have been born in the Black Forest at a time when his parents were on holiday from Alsace, technically he was a German citizen, and therefore property of his in England was placed in the hands of the British Government. If he had been born in Alsace this would have been immediately restored to him after the Treaty of Versailles was signed, but owing to this technical difficulty he found himself regarded as an enemy.

After vain efforts in London to recover his property, he appealed to Berlin, asking if, as he was technically a German, they not could help him to recover his capital. The official reply of the German Government was that he belonged to Alsace ; Alsace was France ; and they cared nothing whatsoever for those who were now French citizens.

He therefore turned in despair to Paris, and in time the official reply arrived asking where he was married. He replied that he was married in London. The next official letter asked whether the French Consul was present at the ceremony. To this he answered that it was an ordinary English wedding, and that of course the Consul was not present. A third official letter then gave him and his wife a severe shock, for it announced that by French law they were not married at all, and that as they were living together they were not eligible for

the rebate on taxation allowed to married couples! In desperation, flouted by both Berlin and Paris, they turned to the President of the British Board of Trade, who after negotiations that were protracted for many months, in the characteristic manner of an overworked and supposedly understaffed Department, saw that justice was done to the unfortunate couple.

The moral of this little story is that if you have to be born close to the frontier, take care to be born on the right side, or else in after life the consequences may be extremely unpleasant for all concerned. The case is certainly of interest, proving how those unfortunate persons suffer who are caught up in the relentless machinery that grinds out so-called justice after a Peace Treaty.

These stories may serve too as the prologue to the tale of a wayfarer's wanderings that I am about to tell, for they illustrate the dramatic conflicts that have been almost unceasing in this frontier land. They also may help to explain a little the outlook of those who dwell in a country that has experienced two great wars in less than fifty years. If in recounting my impressions I seem to devote too much space to the war, and to the passions then aroused, let it be remembered that I try to express what I saw and heard.

A traveller meets at every turn of the road in Central Europe traces of old political superstitions and racial prejudices. These all constitute sources of irritation that may lead in time to another outbreak of hostilities, and they must be realized and reckoned with, for old fears linger, especially in country districts, and they cannot be dispelled by ignoring their existence. We may now look forward to the day

when the ghosts of the past will be finally laid. There is an increasing hope that Alsace may be spared in the future from experiencing at intervals of approximately half a century the agonies of war, and that this country which stands at the cross-roads of the Teuton and Gallic civilizations may be an inspiration of peace.

CHAPTER III

EN ROUTE

"Arm yourselves, and be ye men of valour, and be in readiness for the conflict: for it is better for us to perish in battle than to look upon the outrage of our nation and our altars. As the will of God is in heaven, even so let Him do."—*From the Salisbury Antiphones*

THE traveller to Alsace should certainly try and travel at least one way from or to Paris on the comfortable express train provided by the Chemins de Fer de l'Est. It is one of the most interesting routes in the world to any student of the war, as for nearly seven hours the train runs through districts that still show traces of devastation.

Soon after leaving Paris you come to Château Thierry, where American divisions suffered heavily in 1918, and from where Big Bertha shelled the capital. After that, the train runs along the banks of the Marne, and the traveller can look out at a succession of villages that have been almost entirely reconstructed, at bridges that are at last being rebuilt, and at churches that still stand half ruined, with shattered spires that bear witness to the shell fire of the enemy. The route later passes between Epernay and Ay, both of champagne fame, into Châlons, where was situated for the

greater part of the war the Grand Quartier Général of the French Army, and thence to Nancy and Lunéville, where some of the worst atrocities of the first two months of the war were committed.

Every inch of this, part of the route has historical memories. At Lunéville on 3 August, 1914, three bombs were dropped by German aeroplanes during their first visit. The Bavarians occupied the town from 21 August to 11 September, and set fire to most of the houses and factories before they eventually retired. From here to the Vosges, almost every village and hamlet bears traces of the German occupation, and certain towns like Badonviller were in the line of fire throughout the whole of the duration of the war.

Eventually Avricourt is reached, the little railway junction that used to be on the frontier, and at Nouvel-Avricourt the wayfarer passes on to the railway system to-day so efficiently administered by the Chemins de Fer d'Alsace et de Lorraine. The fields on both sides of the line are still pock-marked where shells exploded, and, in spite of the industry of the peasants, for several miles land remains uncultivated.

As the train ascends the incline leading to the famous pass of Saverne, the country becomes much more beautiful. Traces survive of the early offensive, when French troops of the First and Second Army under Generals Dubail and de Castelnau were decimated under a terrible fire that met them from concrete machine gun posts and heavy artillery skilfully disposed by the Germans among the fields and woods, that now look so peaceful as the traveller speeds forward from Sarrebourg to Thalsbourg. The English have heard little of the battles that took place between

the Moselle and the Vosges during August and September 1914, but stories are told of the hand-to-hand fighting in the forests, where the French made vigorous attempts to break the line across the frontier. Some of the hills were lost and retaken many times during the fighting, until the German retreat in the middle of September and the stabilization of moving warfare in trenches that stretched from the North Sea to the Alps.

Since those days much has been accomplished by the statesmen of Europe, but the outside world has still little appreciation of the difficulties that have been met and overcome. It has been an extremely complicated business to transfer two such important regions of Europe as Alsace and Lorraine, containing over two million people, from Germany to France. Nevertheless, if the wayfarer is to understand the people whom he meets daily in this country, and to appreciate the national life that now throbs so vigorously, it is essential to know something of the difficulties that have had to be confronted. I am therefore describing shortly here some of the administrative changes that have affected Alsace since the Armistice.

In the early days the responsibility for the civil administration was delegated by the President of the Council to M. Millerand, the High Commissioner of the Republic, while two higher military commands were formed, the headquarters of one of which is at Strasbourg and of the other at Metz.

M. Millerand found that his task was complicated owing to the fact that there were three strata, at least, of legislative measures on the Statute Book. There were over 800 French laws, dating from Henri II's decrees of 1607 to those passed under the Second

Empire in 1870. Secondly, there were the military laws of the German Reich; and, thirdly, local legislation. Although it is a characteristic of the French to aim at uniformity in all things, the pressure of events has made it necessary for the Alsatian code of civil procedure to be left in force, and also the greater part of the existing municipal legislation. M. Millerand had to administer this tangle of laws.

One outstanding proof of the success of France in absorbing the recovered provinces is the fact that, since 1919, 500 French laws have been introduced without the least friction. It is, however, necessary to recognize that mistakes have been made, for even those Alsatians who are most strongly anti-German and most devoted to France make no secret of the fact that there are to-day three main difficulties.

The most delicate of these is undoubtedly the relations between the Church and the State. While I shall not enter into the intricacies of the conflict that arose in 1924 owing to M. Herriot insisting upon "secularization," certain statistics as to the strength of various denominations, kindly given me by M. Charléty, the Rector of Strasbourg University, will show how involved are the issues.

Owing to the fact that there has been no census of religions since 1910, any attempt to give a comparison must necessarily be an estimate. The census taken by the Germans in Alsace and Lorraine in 1910 showed that the population was 1,874,014, divided as follows:—

Catholics	1,391,181, or	77·64 per cent.
Protestants	363,587, or	20·29 per cent.
Other denominations ..	3,783, or	0·21 per cent.
Jews	30,183, or	1·69 per cent.
Agnostics	3,004, or	0·17 per cent.

The more recent census taken in 1921 showed that the population had decreased by 178,858, largely owing to the departure of Germans, who were mainly Protestants in religion, while the majority of the immigrants who took their place are Catholics. The Catholic Church had been during the years of occupation the centre of pro-French feeling, and to-day the Catholics are so much in the majority and so powerful that the strongest possible resistance to any attempt at "secularization" is certain.

The tangle of legislation described above has also resulted in an increase in the number of officials that causes resentment. After 1871 the best-paid appointments in the civil administration, on the bench, and in the universities, were seized by Germans, who after the Armistice mostly returned to the Fatherland. As far as possible they have been replaced by Alsatians, but a certain number of German officers and others still remain under an article of the Treaty of Versailles, which allows any German married to an Alsatian woman to become a French citizen. These men are called sarcastically "Wilsonian Frenchmen"—an allusion to the fact that the late President Wilson advocated this article of the Treaty—or else "French at Reduced Prices"—an allusion to the reduction of the naturalization fees. In addition to these pre-war functionaries, many others have come from Paris and elsewhere. In the case of Strasbourg University in particular, some of the leading professors in France have made great sacrifices in order to devote themselves to making Strasbourg a centre of light and learning for the world.

It must be confessed that there are widespread complaints that there are too many officials in Alsace

to-day, and there is reason to suspect that some of these new functionaries have introduced Socialistic ideas, which are taking root in a country that is essentially individualistic. So far as the outside observer can judge, it would certainly appear that the French Government might well apply their own particular form of Geddes' axe to the Alsatian bureaucracy. Why, for example, in a remote village in the Vosges should there be twelve French gendarmes employed as compared with five German policemen before the war ?

There is another aspect of the transition period in Alsace that is not yet understood by the outside world. German militarism, although brutally applied, had certain advantages from the point of view of the shopkeepers. For instance, during the later years of the German occupation *restaurants de luxe* flourished in the chief centres, where the Prussian was able to regale himself with good wines and rich food. The French officer is of quite a different character. He lives, on the whole, a simple, frugal life. He is also, in many cases, a student, and has high ideals of thrift. Thus he is not a lavish patron of the wine shops, night clubs, and restaurants that catered for the tastes of the Prussian officer, and those whose trade has suffered in consequence are inclined to express their own selfish point of view rather bitterly. From the women's point of view, too, the transition from Germany to France has had one curious result. The ladies' shops of Alsace, in the old days, did a good deal of business with the wives of German officers or Civil servants, who considered that at Strasbourg and Mulhouse they could buy hats or costumes designed in the latest fashion of the Rue de la Paix. But the

wives of the French officers and officials who have come to Alsace to help in the work of administration have, in many cases, their own dressmakers, and continue to deal with shops in Paris. Thus, to a certain extent, the change has hurt an influential class in Alsace that formerly made large profits out of the German occupation.

Business men especially passed through many harassed hours during this transition period, for the transfer of an industrial country from one modern State to another, necessitating innumerable adjustments and changes of regulations, was bound to cause considerable anxiety to those responsible for industry. Nevertheless, the experience gained in 1871 helped those in charge, after 1918, to avoid many of the mistakes made during the transfer to Germany.

These inevitable difficulties were vastly increased by the devastation caused by the war, and the plundering that took place during the retreat. It is not generally known that large districts in Alsace suffered severely from the German occupation. In the part on the frontier where the first battle took place no less than 181 communes experienced losses through shell fire, and in at least twenty localities, including the towns of Cernay and Munster, the proportion of houses completely destroyed or else seriously damaged varied from 50 to 90 per cent.

During the latter part of 1918 numerous factories, which owing to the fact that they were far away from the front line escaped the bombardment, were systematically set on fire, after their machinery and raw material and stocks of finished products had been hurried away into Germany. This looting was scientifically organized in order that the orders of the

Kaiser should be carried into effect, that if Alsace was to be returned to France, at least it should be "as naked as his hand". As a result some 171 factories in the Department of the Haut-Rhin were totally destroyed, and only in those districts where industry was not so active were the vandals less violent.

At the beginning of 1917 a policy of plundering was adopted, carrying out what was known as the Hindenburg programme. Under the pretext that invasion was imminent, the High Command ordered that many of the factories of Alsace should be almost completely evacuated. Accordingly, piece goods, both flannel and cotton, were carried away to the other side of the Rhine, and machinery, engines, looms and rollers were commandeered. Other more subtle methods were also adopted that aimed at the destruction of Alsatian industry should the war be unsuccessful. After the Armistice some of this machinery was recovered, but not without the greatest difficulty. It is due to the skill of the management and the hard work of the artisans that, freed from German bondage, Alsatian industry has so quickly recovered.

Fortunately, the Alsatians live in a country of great natural richness, both above and below the ground. For centuries the vine, for example, has been one of the chief sources of wealth in the Haut-Rhin, and from the Alsatian grape is made a white wine of special bouquet and very rich in alcohol. The Germans used to warn the Alsatians that, if ever they became French again, the competition of the wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy, of Sauterne and Chablis would kill the sale of the Alsatian wine. The facts show that Alsatian wine is so distinctive in its flavour

that the sale is actually on the increase. Thus the expected disaster to the wine industry has been averted, for Germany has continued to buy Alsatian wine, and Switzerland too, profiting by the exchange, has proved to be a steady consumer, while the trade with Paris is gradually improving.

I am emphasizing these points because they are not usually dealt with in any study of Alsace. In fact, most of the recent literature on this subject can, in the main, be divided into two classes—viz., that written by persons who are German propagandists, and that which gives too highly coloured a picture of the successful assimilation of the recovered Province. The truth lies between these two extremes.

There can be no doubt at all that the majority of the population are far happier under the present French administration than they were under the Germans, who gave endless offence owing to their rudeness and bad manners. On the other hand, when one is considering the comparatively few difficulties that have arisen during the transition period it should always be remembered that the Alsatian is not easy to govern.

A mill manager at Mulhouse told me how much more difficult he found the work-people there in every way as compared with those in a mill in the South of France, where he was formerly works manager. Those critics of France, therefore, who have been influenced by the exaggerated reports of religious and administrative friction ought to bear in mind that there is none of the subserviency of the Teuton in the Alsatian character, and that some expressions of complaint are inevitable. After the dark years of repression and persecution from 1870 to 1919 a reaction

is only to be expected when a people is at last given freedom to speak and to write. It must also not be overlooked that, although to the world Berlin has renounced all pretensions to Alsace-Lorraine, German propaganda is still extremely active. In the spring of 1925 a German newspaper commenced publication at Saverne, apparently designed to promote disaffection among the people and to advance the favourite theory of the pro-Germans that, because the Alsatian temperament has its own particular characteristics, therefore the country ought to be given independence and become autonomous.

After discussing the position freely with every person I met, professors and porters, editors and engineers, priests and peasants, I am convinced that in the main Alsace has settled down with surprising ease, considering the complications of religion, language, and legislation, and has become a devoted and integral part of the French Republic.

It is only necessary to give two significant figures to show how advantageous the transfer has been to Alsace. In 1913 the German Government spent out of the State Budget an amount equal to 13,253,000 francs on Strasbourg University, on technical institutes, and on secondary and elementary education. The French last year expended on education over six times this amount, or a total of 88,394,000 francs. In 1919 the total amount of money expended on public health services and national insurance amounted to 997,000 francs, and this had increased in the last year over tenfold, to 10,966,000 francs. The greater part of this increase is due to the fact that the French Government have accepted expenses that in 1913 fell upon the communes.

The truth is that those who endured the German oppression and suffered under it recognize to the full that the French Government is trying to treat the recovered provinces with the affection of a mother for her children, and are therefore heart and soul for France.

CHAPTER IV

AROUND SAVERNE

"The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridge's end."

JULIAN H. F. GRENFELL

SAVERNE itself is the first town of any size reached by the traveller who approaches Alsace by way of Nancy, and is divided into three parts. There is the high town, and the middle town, and the little town. This was the reason why the Romans gave it the name of *Tres Tabernæ*. Those who reach the town after passing through a succession of tunnels, and winding through the valley of the Zorn by the canal that joins the Marne to the Rhine, will declare that here indeed is the garden of Alsace, especially if they are so fortunate as to arrive in June, when the roses are in bloom.

On a hill outside stands the ancient feudal fortress of Haut-Barr, a famous stronghold where during the religious wars the Bishop of Strasbourg took refuge. Later in history, during the war of the Austrian Succession, a party of soldiers came to take the citadel, which had no garrison whatsoever except a small

LE HAUT BARR

BARR

boy, the son of a farmer. It is said that standing on the rock he was able to roll down stones and so compel the attacking force to retreat.

Set at a vital point on the road that for centuries has been the main route from Paris to the Rhine by Strasbourg, Saverne is a place of many memories, not all of war, but also of peace. It is interesting to remember that not far away is the manor house where Edmond About lived for thirteen years, and where he entertained men well known in French literature—Dumas, Renan, Taine and Sarcey.

To the world the town itself is chiefly remembered as the place where the *gamins* insulted Lieutenant Forstner, and so precipitated the famous Zabern incident, that led in 1913 to the resignation of the Alsatian Government. To-day, however, the streets are as quiet as if they stood in some old English cathedral town.

Mr. William Bellows, of Gloucester, a good friend of Alsace, has well described his impressions of this town that he visited in 1921 in the company of Sir Edmund Gosse, as guests of the Count and Countess Jean de Pange, who since the Armistice have done so much for the reconstruction of the intellectual life of Alsace. Mr. Bellows, in a monograph written for private circulation, describes how he asked two old peasants about the Forstner episode.

"They merely shrugged their shoulders in a vague Alsatian kind of way; as to the 'incident' they could tell us nothing. The spot for them was evidently a blind one! At that moment two 'poilus' were seen approaching. Could they tell us, please, where it all took place? 'Oui, par là, Messieurs; mais, vous savez, cette affaire s'efface; on n'y pense plus, vous

savez.' It was the 's'efface' which struck us, and the vague movement of uncertainty in the pointing of the fingers. So let it be: a page of history which does not in the end efface itself may count itself a page indeed. Somewhere on this stretch of gravel the event had taken place, and we could now move on again with lighter step!

> Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse:
> Même notre incident s'efface!"

Possibly because they are surrounded by forests that have been growing there for centuries the inhabitants find it natural to regard life as a mere episode, and accept the changes of governments and rulers with a shrug. The woodcutters of all races have their own philosophy of life, and Alsace is particularly rich in trees, and a phlegmatic and independent outlook.

Whether the wayfarer enters Alsace by the pass of Saverne, or else from Belfort to the south, he will inevitably see hundreds of thousands of trees, for he is arriving in a country of forests. These provide a large part of its wealth, and the annual income derived from forest estates in the Department of Bas-Rhin alone is upward of fifty million francs.

In the forests wild boars are plentiful, and the Kaiser and his Court came regularly to Alsace each year in order to enjoy the hunting. To-day house parties are arranged by the more well-to-do Alsatians, to which are invited relatives and friends who enjoy hunting or shooting. For as well as wild boar there are a number of small fallow deer and also varieties of birds that are pursued by the French with zest and solemnity.

Apart from sport, the woods provide large quantities of timber. Fir-trees are chiefly found on the mountains, while magnificent oaks grow on the lower slopes and in the plain. Those in the northern part of Alsace between Saverne and Sarrebourg are much prized by cabinet-makers because of their fine grain. There are also many beeches and pines, the latter growing in profusion in the forests around Haguenau.

Huge saw-mills, equipped with up-to-date machinery, in some cases propelled solely by water power, cut up the trees and prepare them for the markets. In spite, however, of the large timber supplies available, quantities of timber are now being imported from Russia, Sweden and Norway, and this persistent competition from abroad is one of the questions about which those interested in the Alsatian forests feel strongly.

As soon as the traveller leaves the beaten tracks described in the guide books, especially among the forests, he finds himself in districts of which little is known to the outside world, and where superstitions still linger. There are many curious stories to be found in the mountainous districts, which have suffered comparatively little from the wars that for centuries have ravaged the plains. The hills preserve their monuments and the inhabitants their old traditions.

Especially round Niederbronn there will be found ancient stones with grotesque shapes and mysterious names of which the natives tell queer legends, that have been handed down from one generation to another. The Society of Historical Monuments of Alsace has investigated many of these cromlechs, and details of their discoveries can be found in the official records.

Half-way up one hill there is the Grotto of the

Sorcerer. This received its name because local stories record that a village woman, who had been chased out of the valley because she had a forked tongue, took refuge there and had relations with evil spirits. Local tradition also relates that in time on the mountain she became a priestess of the Sun God, but perished one day when she called upon the Devil too familiarly.

Not far away from the same spot may be heard before daybreak weird groans and screams that apparently come from a cave situated under a rock. This is regarded by the hill-folks as being the voice of some poor soul who is condemned to spend his purgatory in the depths of the mountains, while the water trickling out of a spring near by is supposed to be the tears of the sufferer. No doubt a more natural explanation might be discovered by a scientist who investigated the cave.

Another story is told of a fountain near Niederbronn. This is the most ancient bathing station in Europe, where the Romans took the waters for indigestion, rheumatism, gout and obesity. In an old book published in 1593 at Strasbourg, it is said that parents longing for children may find sons and daughters, still bearing the form of angels, by seeking in this fountain. There can be little doubt that such a legend as this owes its origin to the fact that the waters contain minerals that are distinctly good for health. In this particular instance delicate wives may have benefited by taking the waters, and in time become mothers.

In another forest not far away there are the remains of an old Roman bath, where it is said that in the springtime may be seen an old woman with white hair who comes down from the mountain as soon as

the sun rises, accompanied by her attendants, in order to bathe in a stream of mountain water. Peasants fear to meet this phantom of a woman with haggard face, dressed in black, who carries a winding sheet in her hand, which she carries to the washing place in the valley, for those who see her die within the year!

At the time of the flowering of the vine, those who wish may go to a rock called the Pickelstein. If they are fortunate, so runs the legend, they may hear at midnight an old Alsatian folk-song sung by a young girl, who sits on a white cloud, as she brushes her long hair.

At the top of another hill there is a spot still known as the "Wizard's Square", where there are a number of curiously shaped stones arranged in a circle. Local tradition relates that twice a year an old man with a white beard presides over a court of blind men, who pass justice upon a prisoner tied to a tree close by. If the old man pronounces the accused to be guilty, he is taken away and executed over the rock that serves as a sacrificial altar. This particular spot has from time immemorial been reported to be the rendezvous of the sorcerers, and it is a strange fact that recent excavations have brought to light stones cut in representation of the Sun God, as well as prehistoric weapons of stone and bronze.

It is probable that in the centuries before Julius Cæsar fought with Ariovistus on these hills there were human sacrifices, and that the folk-lore of to-day echoes back to the realities of a grim past.

On one hill overlooking the valley of the Bitche may still be seen stones from the position of which it is possible to reconstruct these ancient sacrificial

ceremonies. At the foot of a rock hidden among the trees there is a stone curiously carved, said to be an altar of the Sun God, while to the north-west is the altar of the High Priest. On the other side of the valley remains of an old Celtic camp can still be traced. One rock is so placed that it is exposed to the sun throughout the whole of the day, from sunrise to evening, while on another rock there are the marks of a cross, and other signs that suggest two imprints of a wooden shoe. It is possible that the priests in some bygone age carved these to represent the marks of the footprints of Apollo as he passed over the mountain, and that the cross was carved later by a Christian priest in order to exorcise the demons that were supposed to have haunted the district.

The origin of many of these stories is obscure, but they are still handed down from father to son in peasant houses. They are not told in the guide books, but any wayfarer who is interested can obtain further details in a little book entitled *Mégalithes et Folklore de la Région de Niederbronn,* by Charles Matthis.

A happy memory of this part of Alsace is a luncheon party at a little village at the foot of the Vosges, within forty minutes' motor run from Strasbourg. It is one of the typical Alsatian hamlets, full of picturesque specimens of rustic architecture, with an air of peace and comfort, smiling a welcome to the wayfarer. Some of the older women who had just come back from market were wearing the Alsatian headdress with large bows of black ribbon, while two old farmers, wearing red waistcoats and short coats, watched us as we motored by.

As we approached the town, on the other side of the valley we could see our destination, a country

house with orange-coloured sunblinds, very distinctive, and with a peculiarly English atmosphere. Our host, a soldierly figure with white moustache, was on the doorstep to welcome his guests. He commanded a French army corps during the war, and has now returned to the land of his birth to serve France as devotedly in civil life as in the army. He was in the Cuirassiers, and a fine collection of his helmets and steel breast-plates hangs in the spacious hall, out of which opens the grand staircase. Except for these, we might have been standing in a manor house in the south of England, and I looked involuntarily for the *Morning Post* and the *Field* in the smoking-room.

Our hostess, an Anglo-Saxon by birth, may have been partly responsible for this impression, for her choice of cretonnes, curtains, chair-covers, and all the decorations that give a house personality, was English, and her sympathies too, and those of the General, were strongly for the *Entente Cordiale.*

Luncheon, a most dainty repast, was served under the trees. Overhead the aeroplanes that daily travel between Strasbourg and Paris were flying, while the General expressed with some pungency his opinions on the state of Europe to-day, and especially on the continuous decline of the franc. As there is no subject apparently on which it is more easy to hurt the susceptibilities of our French friends, many of whom seem to imagine that in some mysterious way we are largely responsible for their financial tragedy, we kept discreet silence. Lunch consisted of trout from one of the mountain streams, chicken *en casserole*, and strawberries and cream. Alsatian wine and the extremely potent native liqueurs, Quetsch and Framboise, were served,

and over the cigars we heard something of the history of the neighbouring village.

In the Middle Ages there lived in the district a chieftain of the name of Richard, who believed that his wife was much too friendly with the local Bishop. He decided, therefore, to put her away, but she demanded, as was her right in the days before divorce courts were in being, a trial by fire. Whether the lady was guilty of the charge or not was never proved, but she must have had some knowledge of elementary chemistry, for she covered her chemise with glycerine, and walked through the fire without any serious injury. She was immediately acquitted, but her husband's suspicions even then were not allayed, and he sent her away from his home. She apparently wandered about the hills until she noticed a bear with her cubs, scratching a hole in the ground. The story at this point completely disappears into the mists of legend, but in some unrelated manner she obtained sufficient wealth to build a church on this spot. The memory of the animal was preserved for centuries by a live bear being kept in a pit underneath the church. Unfortunately, one day the bear escaped and devoured two of the village children, so after that a stone bear was erected, which can still be seen.

The cave where the original bear is reputed to have lived is now believed to possess miraculous powers of healing. One cultured man, whose historical works on this part of Europe are regarded as authoritative, seriously advised a member of our party to stand in the cave as a cure for rheumatism. Thus old superstitions linger, and are linked up with stories that carry with them something of the romance and the barbarism of the early years in Alsace.

Alsace is a country often described, according to the prejudices of the writer, as predominantly French or German. One observer has tried to effect a compromise by saying that the people are "Germanic in origin, but enthusiastically French in mentality". The more scholarly declare that Alsace is a Celtic country, which ever since it came under the sway of ancient Rome has been drawn towards the culture of Gaul.

There are also many traces of Scotland to be found to-day. The Abbey at Munster in the Val St. Grégoire, for example, was founded by missionary monks from Scotland. One of these was St. Colomban, who was born in Leinster, Ireland, in A.D. 543, twenty-two years after the better known missionary St. Colomba. At the age of thirty he visited Scotland, and from there he passed to Alsace, where he founded monasteries at Le Tholy in the Vosges, Verdun, Metz, and at Remiremont.

In the sixteenth century there was an even closer connection between Mary, Queen of Scots and Lorraine, for Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, was the uncle of the Queen. His sister, Marie, was the Queen of James V of Scotland, and it will be remembered how she attempted to check the growth of Protestantism in the hope that Scotland would remain Catholic.

Another link with this part of France is her descendant, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, who took refuge for a time at Nancy after he was hunted out of Great Britain. Nancy is the principal city through which the traveller passes on his way from Paris to Strasbourg.

There are many other memories still to be found

around Saverne. One local historian possesses records of members of the Hamilton family who fought in this district over a century ago. Still more unexpected was the evidence given by a small local practitioner, who spoke to me one evening after dinner in terms of personal friendship regarding several officers well known in the Highlands. I asked him whether he had met them during the war.

"Yes, certainly, in 1914 and 1915," he replied.

"You were, I suppose, one of the French officers attached to the British Army?" I asked.

"No," he answered with a smile. "I served with the German Army throughout the war."

I must have looked puzzled, for he explained:—

"I was mobilized for service in August 1914, and couldn't dodge it. However, they sent me to act as a surgeon in a hospital at Cambrai, where I had to treat a number of wounded Scottish officers who were made prisoners during the retreat from Mons. Afterwards, I am glad to say, I was able to help some of them to escape, and became in time one of the avenues in the Underground Road to England used by your prisoners. Thus I founded several good friendships with your gallant Scotsmen."

CHAPTER V

STRASBOURG

"Ah! Then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream. . . ."

WORDSWORTH

WHILE staying in Strasbourg I met one of her most prominent citizens, who, as soon as he heard I came from England, said :—

"I do wish you would try and make your countrymen in England realize a little bit more that Alsace is in France. You would be surprised if you knew how many letters still come from England and America addressed 'Alsace, Germany'. Even six years after the war I have known an official letter sent from one of your Government Departments in Whitehall to be addressed 'Strasbourg, Alsace, Germany'. It is surprising to me how exceedingly slow the average person is to appreciate the changes of the map of Europe, and every day in this office postal delays are caused owing to the fact that the English have not yet realized that Alsace is French."

Whatever our shortcomings and ignorance this side of the Channel, I found in Strasbourg a deep interest

in England and knowledge of English problems. The English Club at the University, organized by M. Koszul, is a centre of pro-English feeling, where lectures in English are regularly given, and are followed by discussions.

But I should advise any stray Englishman who is invited to attend this Club to avoid being caught by a taxi-driver as I was when driving to the place of meeting. I entered a taxi at the central railway station and gave the driver the address in Anglicized French. I noticed that he immediately put the flag on the taximeter up, instead of down ; but it was a fine evening, and although he was taking me a somewhat lengthy journey through the older parts of the city, I made no remonstrance, only suggesting to him when we arrived at an ugly boulevard that I should now like to go straight to my destination.

When we arrived he blandly demanded five francs. When I looked at the taximeter simply as a measure of precaution, I found it stood at zero, and was marked "libre". The driver had purposely not put it in action in order that he could charge me whatever he felt inclined. Accordingly I gave him three francs, and told him with a grin that he was lucky to get so much after playing such a trick on a stranger. To my amazement he raised his hat and thanked me very much indeed. As a franc at that time was worth about 2¼d., a drive round Strasbourg was not expensive at 6¾d. ! This incident is trivial, but at any rate it proves that Strasbourg is not ruinously expensive for transport, and that its taxi-drivers have a sense of humour.

The city is so small, and is so well served with trams, that taxis, even at 6¾d., are unnecessary luxuries, and afoot it is easier to see and enjoy the combination of

the ancient and modern, and of the unexpected in architecture and in the psychology of her people. In Roman times it was known as Argentoratum, and through the ages has been praised by the poets as a town that is marvellously beautiful. There will be found in "La Petite France", a quarter by the canals, narrow streets and overhanging houses from which it is possible to lean out of the window and shake hands with your neighbour on the other side of the road, and mediæval alleys, down which you expect to see the Three Musketeers marching. But unlike some of the old towns of France, the sanitary conditions are thoroughly up to date, so that the visitor can satisfy his æsthetic joy in the old without offending his modern olfactory sense.

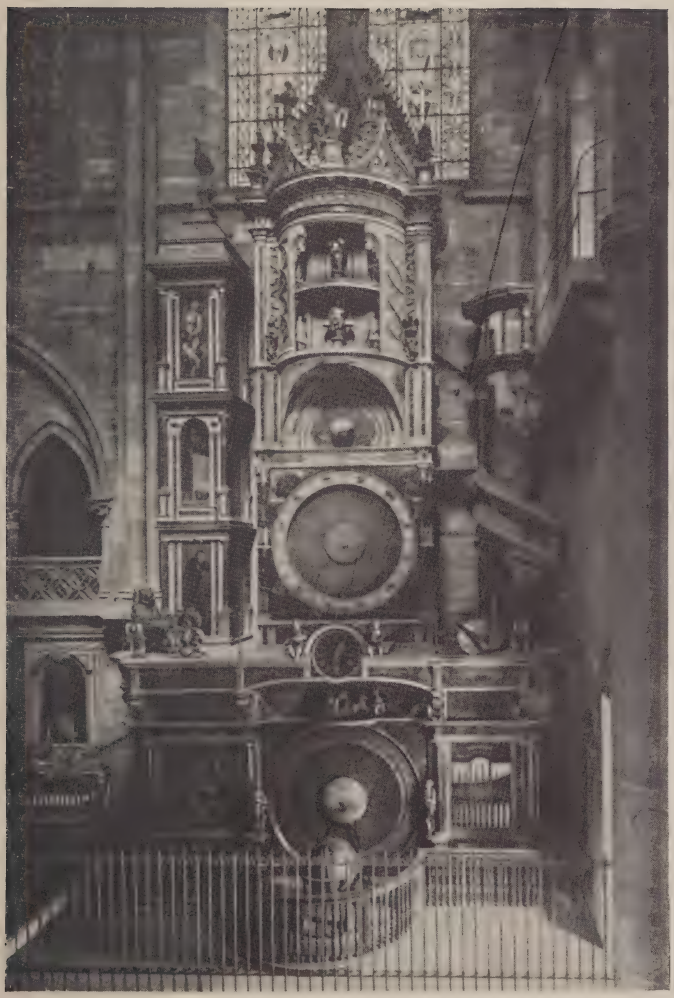
The more modern quarters of the town are laid out with broad boulevards and spacious squares. In a park called the "Orangerie" there is an exquisite Alsatian peasant's house set in charming surroundings, while overlooking all stands the Cathedral, one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture, with its spire pierced by narrow windows and reaching up to the sky with a lace-like delicacy that proves the skill of the ancient builders who were able to transform stone into filigree. Those who climb up the 625 steps and reach the summit of the tower on which the spire rests will be able to observe how the Cathedral suffered from the bombardment of 1870, when the German artillery used it as a registration mark. According to Dr. Appell, the former Rector of the University of Paris, who was a boy in Strasbourg during the siege, the Germans concentrated their fire on the Cathedral on the very evening following the day when the Bishop had appealed to their General

to have mercy on the women and children. He describes how he saw the building in flames, but the spire providentially failed to catch alight. Much of the exterior in consequence had to be restored, but even so it remains as one of the chief specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the world.

It is well for those who are liable to giddiness not to make the ascent of the tower, for the height is great, and at certain points the way is decidedly dangerous. From the platform at the top there is a marvellous panorama of Wissembourg to the north; of the Rhine and the Black Forest to the east; the Vosges from Haut-Barr to Ste. Odile to the south; and the pass of Saverne to the west. Moreover, the stonework itself is well worthy of study, and Victor Hugo describes the delicacy of the work of the ancient craftsmen as seen from near at hand. "C'est une chose admirable de circuler dans cette monstrueuse masse de pierre, toute pénétrée d'air et de lumière, evidée comme un bijou de Dieppe, lanterne aussi bien que pyramide, qui vibre et qui palpite à tous les souffles du vent."

After so much exterior beauty, the interior of the Cathedral is unfortunately disappointing, the main feature of interest being the renowned astronomical clock that was made in 1842 in order to replace the old clock originally made by Isaac Habrect. Miniature mechanical figures strut out of the face of the clock and strike the quarters of the hour, while an ancient cock crows at intervals, and other moving discs indicate not only the day of the month, the months of the year, the eclipses of the sun and moon, but the course of the planets and the variation of the feasts.

In the city itself there are numerous buildings to



THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK IN STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL

delight the sightseer, and the new is worthy of the old. For Strasbourg is very prosperous, and being at the junction of all the chief European railway lines, it offers most favourable conditions for unlimited economic development. Side by side with buildings "redolent of the Middle Ages" are modern tanneries, printing works, tobacco factories and breweries. It has a Press that for steadiness of outlook and absence of sensationalism bears favourable comparison with many of the newspapers in both Paris and London. The editors, although naturally of varying political views, and in some cases with markedly bitter memories of personal indignities inflicted under the German rule, are men of wide culture and judgment, and are unanimously loyal to France.

On one of my visits I was lucky enough to be in Strasbourg during a National Gymnastic Fête, at which over 12,000 gymnasts, coming not only from France, but also from Great Britain, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Italy, China and other countries were present. German athletes were not allowed to compete. There was indeed a half-hearted attempt a few weeks later to organize at Colmar a rival gymnastic competition to which Germans were invited, but this led to intense conflicts, and the police had to interfere. At Strasbourg, although the utmost liberty was given to the populace, there was nothing but enthusiasm for the Republic. Every window I saw was decorated with a tricolour flag of some description. The President, M. Doumergue, whose untiring smile is famous throughout France, made a special visit, and was welcomed on his arrival, and indeed throughout the whole of his stay, by cheering crowds who packed the streets.

The critical might declare that the proceedings during the Presidential visit were perhaps too militarist for a gymnastic demonstration, but they certainly suited the popular taste, the crowd manifesting rapturously their devotion to the one-armed soldier, General Gouraud, and their pride in the Chasseurs Alpins, who fought so heroically on the Vosges. There was a review of local troops and Alsatian men, women and children before the President in the Place de la République. On the Presidential Tribune were M. Painlevé, the Minister of Education, and other members of the French Government, as well as all the chief personages of the Department, Senators, Deputies, University representatives and industrial magnates. Conspicuous among these was the British Consul-General, Sir Oliver Wardrop, who, owing to his courtesy and ability, is one of the most influential men in Alsace to-day. He was formerly our Consul-General at Moscow, and now in his English home in the Rue Erckmann-Chatrian Lady Wardrop and he represent this country in a way of which any Englishman might well be proud. Their popularity with those present on the Presidential Tribune was very evident.

At the commencement of the march past there was manifested the touch of genius in which the French excel, when arranging public demonstrations; for, synchronizing with a flight of aeroplanes overhead, eight in line followed by another fourteen in battle formation, several hundred pigeons were released from baskets that had been skilfully concealed in the Square, and at that moment the bands crashed out the "Marseillaise", while the President saluted the French flag. The blinded and wounded victims of the war headed the procession, and then came the fire brigade,

whose axes and comic-opera uniform gave a somewhat humorous touch to the proceedings.

The crowd's enthusiasm was first shown when the Chasseurs Alpins marched past with a very quick step to a lively tune, looking extremely workmanlike and ready for immediate hostilities. It was therefore all the more surprising to learn afterwards from General Berthelot, who commands the troops in Alsace, that many of the men who looked so trim and fit were, in fact, only recruits with fifteen days' training.

It is interesting to compare the reception given to Marie Antoinette in 1770 with that given to the French President in 1925. According to a contemporary account, eighteen shepherds and shepherdesses presented her on arrival with bouquets of flowers, and as she passed, twenty-four girls belonging to the most distinguished families in Strasbourg threw flowers in her path. In the evening there were fireworks illustrating mythological stories, and an ox was roasted whole in the market-place. The Cathedral, from the top of the spire to the foundations, was illuminated, just as it was for the gymnasts in 1925.

Marie Antoinette is described by an observer who met her at the time as being tall and well made, but rather thin, with a high forehead and lively blue eyes. Her tiny mouth was already somewhat disdainful, as she had the Austrian lips rather more pronounced than any of the other members of her illustrious House.

In view of present-day controversies, we may note that the chief magistrate of the city in 1770 thought that he ought to make a speech to Marie Antoinette in German, but she stopped him, and said laughingly,

"Please do not speak German to me. From to-day onwards I do not wish to hear any other language but French."

Language has been a perpetual bone of contention in this frontier land, and during various visits to the University I heard much about this problem.

The intellectual centre of Alsace is certainly the University of Strasbourg. This stands a few minutes' walk from the centre of the city, and is accommodated in a number of buildings not specially remarkable for architectural beauty. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the exterior, within I was much impressed by the enthusiasm of the professors, several of whom I was privileged to meet, and who in certain cases gave up high positions at the Sorbonne, where they had all the advantages of Paris, in order that they might devote themselves to re-establishing Strasbourg University once again under France.

This place of learning owes its origin to the celebrated Humanist, Jean Sturm, who came from Paris in the year 1538 in order to create a school where ancient languages might be studied. This developed into a University with Faculties of Philosophy, Protestant Theology, Law and Medicine, and the power to confer degrees in each, an organization that lasted until the French Revolution, and during the eighteenth century gave many distinguished scholars to the world.

After the Revolution the "Protestant Academy", created by the law of 1803, was given a national status. In 1808 Napoleon I gave his statute to the University of France, of which Strasbourg became one of the principal centres, and added a Faculty of Science and a Faculty of Letters.

Following the war of 1870–71, when Alsace was

wrested from France in spite of the solemn protests of her Deputies, the Germans summoned there some of their most illustrious professors and masters of learning. Little by little, however, especially under the influence of the late Kaiser, it was used as an instrument for the Germanization of the conquered province, rather than to serve the real aims of learning.

France is not making the same mistake. Some of her enemies suggested that she would suppress the teaching of the German language, but to their surprise she has encouraged the development of the study of German literature and philosophy, recognizing that Strasbourg is situated in a most favourable position geographically for the study of both the Latin and Teutonic cultures. M. Charléty, the Director of the University, has well expressed his aim in the following words: "L'étudiant étranger qui fréquente les cours de l'Université de Strasbourg se trouve, pour ainsi dire, à cheval sur deux civilisations. Strasbourg est le meilleur observatoire qui se puisse imaginer pour quiconque s'intéresse à la vie intellectuelle française et veut, par la même occasion, avoir vue sur l'Allemagne."

With such ideals the University has now become a centre of higher learning, with her scientific research untrammelled, and with her studies uninfluenced by political motives. Since the Armistice, as the buildings that were erected by the Germans were too small to accommodate the increasing number of students, some of the Institutes have been transferred to the Palace of the Rhine that was previously the Imperial Palace. The growth of the University is evidenced also by the fact that in 1870 there were only five masters in the Faculty of Letters, and that there are

now forty. The number of students has increased from 320 in the year 1919 to 670 in the year 1924, without including 250 holiday students.

Instead of boycotting the German language, as the Prussians attempted to do with French, every encouragement is given to its study. This alone provides a significant contrast between the policies of the two countries. It is interesting on this point to recall an episode that occurred during the visit of Mr. Lloyd George to Alsace in 1908, when he was studying the system of National Insurance. He was received most hospitably by the German officials, and every possible effort by direct and indirect means was made to convince him that the country was entirely devoted to Germany. Unfortunately for their propagandist efforts, Mr. Lloyd George, while motoring in the country districts, stopped a peasant on the road and asked him the way. The man replied in German, "You are not Germans, are you, Messieurs?" "No, we are English", answered Dr. Harold Spender, who was one of the party. "Oh, I am so glad", said the peasant, "because now I can speak French to you, and it is such a joy to meet anyone with whom I can speak my native tongue!"

Several haphazard meetings of this kind rather gave the game away, and showed Mr. Lloyd George how hollow were the claims made by Germany.

The University of Strasbourg is directed by men to-day who are far above making such false statements as their predecessors. They honestly recognize the good as well as the bad points in Germany, and encourage the study of the German language. The centre for Germanic studies is at Mayence. There the High Commissioner for Alsace has agreed to

certificates and diplomas being given to students. He has nominated eleven of his own officials to go through the course, and in addition twelve officers, the majority of whom belong to the General Staff, have been detailed for the course by the French War Office, and three specially detached by the General Commanding the Army of the Rhine.

Walking down the steps of the University with M. Koszul, who is Professor of English there, I had the good luck to meet M. Paul Sabatier, the distinguished French theologian, who is certainly one of England's best friends in Alsace. He was wearing a dark felt hat and a cloak, and his white beard and dignified bearing would have attracted attention in any assembly. We discussed for a few moments the paradoxes of Alsace and the mixture of races to be found there One of the party spoke of the influence of the Catholic Church, and said that even in the reign of Louis XIV German was taught, as it was the language used in the churches, for after all "the language one prays in naturally persists".

Then it was remarked how the war has confused languages still further. The case was quoted of our chauffeur's little son. The father had lived all his life up to 1919 near Paris, but after the war took a position in a house some thirty miles from Strasbourg. His only boy, now aged five years, speaks fluently French, German, Alsatian, and even a few words of English, and interprets for his father, who knows nothing but French!

But travellers will find to their surprise English spoken even in the remote villages by the younger generation, although in many cases the older people over the age of fifty cannot speak either French or

German, but only the Alsatian patois. To-day, however, both languages are taught in the schools, although the preponderance is naturally given to French. But there is no dictatorship.

The man responsible for these University developments, and also for education throughout Alsace-Lorraine, is M. Charléty, Rector of the University, a man who reminds one of a French scholar as depicted in sixteenth-century pictures, with a beard slightly pointed, eyes that are small, keen and kindly, and with the high forehead of a man of letters. Under his auspices a distinguished staff of professors are working so that the wounds of war may be healed in the classrooms and laboratories in which students from all parts of the world seek for learning. His philosophy he thus expressed in a speech made recently at Strasbourg :—

"Placed at the cross roads of Western Europe, we shall be the inn where pilgrims of learning will be able to study living and dead civilizations, consecrate themselves to scientific research, find the means that it demands, and there meet the workers that it requires. We have a soul that France and French friendship have made for us. It will never perish. We carry a light, and we will never let it out. The wise who will preach peaceful indifference to us we will not listen to. It is not to-morrow, it is to-day that the new life begins. In this house, the house of Pasteur and Fustel de Coulanges, only truth will be served."

CHAPTER VI

MORE ABOUT STRASBOURG

"Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn."

Comedy of Errors, I. ii. 12

IN the old days there were many more storks in Alsace than in modern times. In a book published in the eighteenth century there is a description of a battle above a stork's nest built on the spire of the Cathedral at Strasbourg. The mother bird was seen with wings outstretched flying back to the nest, pursued by some bird of prey, probably a vulture from the mountains. As soon as she reached the Cathedral she collapsed from weariness, and the male took her place and advanced to meet the enemy. He fought with incredible strength on behalf of the young ones in the nest, attacking the vulture, while the mother covered them with her wings. When she saw that her companion was being defeated in the struggle in the air, the eighteenth-century chronicler relates that she seized the nest in her long beak, shook it furiously, and overturned it, throwing out the young birds so that they might escape from the vulture. Then she lay on the place

on which the nest had been built, and was killed by the vulture with one blow of his beak.

But modern ideas regarding marshes and the reclamation of waste land have had one unfortunate effect in that they have diminished the number of storks. In the old days almost every village was proud of its stork's nest, and the *cigogne* in miniature is one of the principal toys still sold in the shops. The sad truth is that to-day, owing to the draining of the marshes, storks are comparatively rare, for as the stagnant water has diminished so the supply of frogs on which the storks partly lived has decreased.

Accordingly I saw not one stork's nest in Strasbourg, and the first one viewed at close quarters was at Sélestat, a most picturesque town with plenty of water accessible, full of croaking frogs. In this case the mother and father storks were fully occupied from early morning till after sunset supplying the needs of their four children. He was husband No. 2, the survivor of a furious duel that took place the previous year with his predecessor. Victorious in the contest, he now reigns supreme over his family, who live happily on a nest constructed upon a cartwheel, and will remain in my memory as the first Alsatian stork seen several days after crossing the frontier. Nearer the Rhine in remote rural hamlets there is usually one nest, but only one, as the daily frog becomes more and more difficult to find.

Modern civilization is advancing so rapidly in Alsace that the storks, emblems of the past, cannot eke out an existence at all in the industrial centres, where they have been replaced by the aeroplanes. Above Strasbourg these are continuously humming in the air. There is a daily aeroplane service between

the capital of Alsace and Paris, and apart from commercial aviation, military aeroplanes from a neighbouring aerodrome are constantly passing over.

Strasbourg, in spite of its many beauties, is in fact far more a commercial city than a tourist centre. It will surprise many to learn that the Port of Strasbourg, although it is situated hundreds of miles from the coast, actually ranks as sixth in order of size of French ports, and is only exceeded in the amount of traffic by Marseilles, Rouen, Havre, Bordeaux, and Dunkirk.

Before the war the annual traffic was steadily increasing until it reached a total of 1,899,000 tons in 1913. In spite of many difficulties, after the Armistice the traffic had increased during 1924 to upwards of 3,000,000 tons, and the dock accommodation has been greatly improved. Barges arrive there from all parts of Europe, following the canal route, and down on the docks the wayfarer can meet Belgians from Antwerp, men from Bordeaux, and bargemen from distant parts of Eastern Europe. It is claimed that a very considerable reduction of expense can be achieved by sending goods by water rather than by rail, and those who believe that it would pay England to develop her obsolete canals on the lines advocated by Mr. Neville Chamberlain can learn much at Strasbourg.

The reconstruction of the port was delayed owing to a strike of German bargees, said to have been organized from Berlin, but now labour difficulties are being overcome. Under the control of a French director appointed in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles, the port is extending, so that it is hoped in time it will be able to cope with a traffic of 6,000,000 tons a year.

So important has Strasbourg become to France that the President of the French Republic, M. Doumergue, has decided that he ought to have an official residence there comparable to the château of Rambouillet. Visits paid to Alsace-Lorraine since the war by members of the French Government have made it clear that constant visits will be advisable in order that the needs and aspirations of the recovered provinces may be understood.

It is probable, therefore, that one of the wings of the old episcopal palace at Strasbourg, known as the Château des Rohans, will be utilized as the Presidential Residence. At present this noble building, which was constructed in 1730–42 for the Cardinal Armand-Gaston de Rohan Soubise on the plans of Robert de Cotte, is used partly as a museum of decorative art and also as a picture gallery.

When the French regained Strasbourg the paintings and exhibits were found to have been rather inartistically shown. They are now more systematically displayed with the general aim of putting in the place of honour Alsatian paintings. In the museum there are some magnificent examples of wrought ironwork, for the Alsatians for centuries have been exceptionally clever at this form of art. There is also a collection of clocks not equalled elsewhere in France. It follows, therefore, that the President, when he comes to occupy the wing that is vacant, will have in the remainder of the building art collections that will remind him of the arts and crafts of this rich land.

The more the history of Alsace is studied, the more the resemblance between this frontier land and the city States of Greece becomes apparent. There was a constant struggle between the Alsatian nobility,

who were in many cases little better than robber chiefs, and the bourgeois, who organized in city guilds and had the strong support of the working classes. The story during the Middle Ages of the principal towns in this rich land is of continuous strife between these two factions, until at length the cities became free and were governed by a Republican Constitution.

Erasmus in somewhat exaggerated language thus describes the constitution adopted at Strasbourg: "Monarchy without tyranny, aristocracy without factions, democracy without riots, wealth without luxury, and prosperity without ostentation." In spite of these ideals falling far short of realization, this Constitution was solemnly read aloud each year to the citizens of Strasbourg from a daïs in front of the main entrance of the Cathedral, the townsfolk raising their hands above their heads as a sign that they swore to abide by it. This ceremony was carried out for upwards of 300 years, and was not abandoned when Alsace came under the sway of the Kings of France.

This popular oath of allegiance sworn so publicly to the Constitution helps to explain why to-day the Strasbourgeois are extremely independent. As is stated elsewhere, in order to maintain their social services and to keep their city so clean and tidy that it might well serve as a model to the rest of France, they do not grudge paying heavier taxation than Frenchmen "of the Interior". One prominent citizen in fact remarked, rather bitterly, "If other Frenchmen paid their taxes as promptly and regularly as we do, our financial difficulties as a nation would soon disappear."

One of the most original housing experiments of

recent years is now in operation at Strasbourg, where 150 houses have recently been built with the sole object of encouraging large families. Fathers are offered a good house at a low rent, while mothers are assured of being able to bring up their children amid picturesque and healthy surroundings.

These homes are built on ground which seven years ago was occupied by German fortifications. The capital required has been provided by a local firm of sweet manufacturers, known as "La Maison Ungemach, Société Alsacienne d'Alimentation." During the war the directors of this firm found that their profits were very high. They were, however, shrewd enough to imitate the example of many of the German capitalists in the district, and invest their marks in Canadian, United States and South American gilt-edged securities. If this fortune had remained in marks it would have been worth very little after the Armistice, but in dollars it amounted to a substantial sum, out of which £100,000 was set aside for a housing scheme. The directors allocated this sum to this purpose because in their opinion they were profits which ought not to be retained by the company, but should be returned to the community in so far as they were directly accumulated as a result of the war.

Furthermore, as one of the chief needs of France to-day is children, the scheme is so devised as to give young married people a home where they may bring up a family under healthy conditions.

In consultation with M. Millerand, who at that time was the Commissioner-General, and with the authorities of the city of Strasbourg, it was arranged to build a garden city on land formerly occupied by the glacis

LES JARDENS UNGEMACH AT STRASBOURG

of the fortifications. This is now called "Les Jardins Ungemach". For the time being M. Dachert, the former manager of the factory, is acting voluntarily and in an honorary capacity as managing director of the scheme, but steps have been taken so that the whole property may belong to the city of Strasbourg by the New Year of 1950.

At the very outset of the scheme it was decided to hold a special competition open to all the architects of France for planning the houses. The essential points of the designs laid down by the trustees were that each house should be a detached bungalow surrounded by a garden; that there should be a living room, two or three bedrooms, a combined kitchen and dining-room, a scullery, an attic, a spacious cellar, and the usual offices. There was a large entry in the competition, and the designs were examined and classified by a special jury that was composed of the following: The President of the foundation, M. Léon-Ungemach, who will hold the position until his death; the Vice-President, M. Dachert, who has given up all his business responsibilities in order that he may devote himself to seeing the scheme carried into being; the Mayor of the town of Strasbourg, M. Louis Bonnier; the Inspector-General of Architectural Designs in Paris, and certain local officials. The first prize was 20,000 francs. Eventually M. Paul Rutté, of Paris, was selected as the architect, and M. Jean Sorg, of Strasbourg, the resident architect.

There are now twenty-seven different types of houses erected, thus giving plenty of diversity in appearance. In the bedrooms there are wash-basins with running hot and cold water. In the scullery

there is a bath moulded out of concrete at the same time as the concrete walls of the house are being constructed in order to save money. But in order that this bath may not be used as a depository for coal or as a residence for hens, as occurs in so many English houses, it is only installed if the tenants ask for it, although they are encouraged to do so.

A separate room with an exit to the garden is provided to accommodate bicycles, perambulators and garden implements. There is electric light and gas laid on as well as a plentiful supply of water. A special point is made of the cellars, which extend under the whole of the house and are sufficiently commodious for the storing of vegetables, coal, wine if necessary, and also can be used for a carpenter's shop or a dark room. The Alsatians are keen craftsmen, and therefore appreciate these facilities.

The rents are fixed at a rate at least 25 per cent. lower than those charged for any other houses of equal importance situated in the town. Each house is detached, occupied by one family with no lodgers, and has a separate garden. In view of the lower rents and higher amenities, it is no wonder that the number of applications for houses is very great.

In order to select from these, an elaborate questionnaire has to be filled in by each prospective tenant, who has to state his own age and that of his wife, and the number of brothers and sisters on both sides, on the principle that those who belong to large families are likely to have more children than those from small ones. He is also required to provide health certificates as well as two references as to character. Tenants must be earning their own living, and there is a

limitation on unearned income. Marks are given according to the satisfactory nature, or otherwise, of the replies.

Thus a young man and wife, both under thirty, who have been married a year, with one baby, which possesses five uncles and five aunts, with medical history on both sides unblemished, have a better chance of a house than a man of thirty-five who has been married five years and yet has no children. Extra marks are given if the mother is prepared to do all the housework without a servant, and if the husband is able to furnish proofs that he is doing useful work as a citizen. Scouts, for example, have a "pull", and there are three houses side by side each occupied by men who play a prominent part in the scout movement of Strasbourg. To complete the scheme, there is a stipulation that any young married couple who have occupied their house for three years, and are still childless, have to leave and find accommodation elsewhere.

The trustees have very clear ideals which they express thus: "In a garden to-day the expert gardener spends time and trouble over the strong seedlings, but those that are weak he throws on one side. But in the human world money is being freely taken out of the pockets of hard-working taxpayers in order to subsidize the thriftless, lazy, and selfish members of society. In the Ungemach Garden City we try to reverse the situation, and give fathers and mothers who are hard-working and healthy and prepared to accept the trials and responsibilities of parenthood the definite advantages of homes where they can bring up their families under the best possible conditions."

One of the most delightful touches about this garden suburb is the attention given to gardens and flowers. A landscape gardener has laid out all the gardens, and made the utmost use of the trees and the water that runs through the grounds. The names given to the roads also carry out the same idea. There is the Avenue des Hyacinthes, the Cours de Printemps, the Boulevard de Wisteria, the Rue des Fraises, the Rue des Narcisses.

On this point a good example is set to those who were responsible for renaming after the Armistice many of the streets in Alsace. In the first flush of enthusiasm it was decided in almost every town and village to delete the German names of streets, and to put in their place typical and patriotic French names. The result is a curious hotch-potch of names that in some cases are too long, and in others are already a trifle out of date.

For example, in one little town the motorist enters a broad road flanked by red buildings, obviously relics of the German occupation, and sees marked up in large letters "Boulevard du Président Wilson", and runs on to the "Avenue de la République" and the "Avenue Raymond Poincaré". Military names abound, but fortunately in the majority of cases their names are short, as for example the "Avenue Joffre", or the "Boulevard Pétain". The day on which the towns were first occupied by French troops is also commemorated in the nomenclature of the street. For example, in Sélestat if you ask the way, you may be told, "Go along la Rue du 17 Novembre, then follow la Rue du 4e Zouaves, and in time you will reach la Place de la Victoire." The reference to the Zouaves is due to the fact that the troops that first reached Sélestat

belonged to this regiment. Similarly in Mulhouse you may be told to "cross the Rue du 11 Novembre, go into the Avenue Clemenceau, and pass along the Rue de la Somme. Then go straight ahead until you reach by the railway line the Rue du Maréchal Joffre that crosses the Rue de la Paix and the Rue de la Victoire".

Strasbourg is like a palimpsest of history, if the names of the streets are studied. Many will be glad to see that the municipal authorities have not disturbed the names of one cluster of roads called the Rue Richard Wagner, the Rue Richard Brahms, the Rue Schubert, the Rue Gounod, the Rue Berlioz, the Rue Liszt, and the Rue Beethoven. The roads that lead from the central railway station in Strasbourg to the Orangerie, the beautiful public park, are now named successively the Boulevard du Président Wilson, the Boulevard du Président Poincaré, the Boulevard Clemenceau, the Boulevard Gambetta, the Rue du Général Ducrot, and the Rue du Général Ulrich.

Even allowing for the national pride of the victors, it is impossible not to be rather amused at this perpetual reminder of war personalities. It would be difficult to imagine that Lowestoft, for example, the English town that was bombarded from the sea, should decide to rename its streets Boulevard Admiral Beatty or Avenue Sir John French, the two personalities who were responsible for the defence of this town by land and sea.

Nevertheless, the street names in Alsace are significant of the feeling of the people, who are glad to reside in a boulevard that has the cachet of a distinguished statesman or army commander.

But as the years go by and the glamour of the

war victories diminishes, when comes a new generation to whom Joffre and Foch are mere historical names, it is probable that they will prefer to live in a road named after a flower, as in Les Jardins Ungemach, rather than after a Field-Marshal.

CHAPTER VII

WISSEMBOURG AND DISTRICT

"Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour."

TENNYSON

THE town of Wissembourg is in the north-east angle of Alsace close to the frontier. It is rarely visited by English people, and shows fewer traces of being joined to France than any other town we visited.

For the first time I had some difficulty in making myself understood without speaking German. At a photographer's shop the proprietor was unable to speak a word of French, and in a stationer's the lady behind the counter offered me a number of picture postcards of German soldiers at work and play. This was part of an old stock that had not been replenished. All the shops, in fact, contained goods that had apparently been sitting on the shelves at any rate since 1918.

The clock had indeed moved more slowly than elsewhere in Alsace.

In appearance the town is very like Bruges, but the wooded hills around give an added attraction. The towers of the church stand among trees, and there are spacious dismantled ramparts, from which one can look down on the quaint streets, through which the River Lauter flows, in some cases actually touching the walls of the houses, and in others bordered by miniature quays.

At one time there was situated here one of the most powerful Abbeys of Europe, wealthy in land, vineyards and forests. The Abbot had the right to mint his own money, and was the proud bearer of the title of Prince. His monks acted as masters in a school, the renown of which spread throughout Central Europe. But to-day all that remains of the Abbey is the beautiful church and exquisite cloisters, where the monks used once to work.

The town which sprang up around the monastery is sleepy and old world, with the grass forcing its way through the cobbles in the side streets. Many of the houses are distinctively French in style, with the façades and decorations that were in vogue in the reign of Louis XV. Here and there a building in the ugliest style of German bureaucratic architecture jars amid the charm of the French houses. The post office, for example, ponderous and angular, spoils the whole street. Those who see it can sympathize with the former inhabitants, who after 1870 fled away from the German occupation.

Wissembourg was at that time practically depopulated of all the better-class families when Alsace was handed to Germany, and this may be due to the fact that for

generations past the town had been very closely associated with French military life. If it is possible to imagine Cheltenham in a conquered England suddenly finding itself under a military governor sent from Potsdam, then we may have some idea of the feelings of those families in Wissembourg who had made it a rule to send their sons into the Army. They emigrated without any hesitation, and in the French Army before the war there were no less than fifty officers in the higher grades all of whom had close connections with this little town, the total population of which to-day is under seven thousand.

The tragic atmosphere of the place is stated to have affected the first German official, the Kreisdirector Stichaner, who was sent to administer it. He modified the harsh orders that he received from Berlin, and tradition still relates how he loved the town, its history and its memories. It is a pleasing exception to the general rule to find a monument raised to this German official at the gate of the town, and to hear from the old folk, who can remember his period in office, that he was truly a friend of the people.

In earlier years Wissembourg was the scene of some of the dramatic events in the life of Stanislas Leszcynski.

His story is one of the most romantic of the crowned heads of Europe, for after his downfall and exile from the throne of Poland, when his goods had been confiscated, he existed for a time on a dole given him by France in a house that can still be seen in the little country town. In such surroundings occurred the critical hour of his destiny, when he revived the family fortunes by the lucky marriage of his daughter, Marie.

In this old house that was used by the Freemasons

during the time of the French Revolution, and later became a Convent Hospital, the ex-King of Poland lived with his wife, Catherine Opalinska, his old mother Anne Jablonowska; a Count Tarlo, the Marshal of his former palace; the Baron of Meszceck, his private secretary; five officers who remained loyal to him; and three ladies-in-waiting for the Queen. Judging from the present size of the house, the party must have been somewhat overcrowded.

In the tiny garden Stanislas planned out how to recover his lost throne. The only way out of his comparative poverty seemed to him to be a good marriage for his daughter. Some of his letters addressed to the Chevalier de Vauchoux were published in Paris in 1900, and they reveal how the two were planning a marriage with the Duke de Bourbon. The Duke's mistress, Madame de Prie, was encouraging such a marriage, because she believed so poor a wife could not possibly threaten her sway. Marie waited at Wissembourg, spending much of her time on her knees in the old church there. She was not exceptionally beautiful, although she had a good complexion, but she was clever, witty, kindly and generous in character. In the little room, now occupied by hospital beds, said to have been her boudoir, she waited for the announcement of her proposed marriage with the Duke, until a mysterious painter arrived from Paris who was instructed to paint her portrait. This was done, and three weeks later her father entered and cried out in excitement :—

"My daughter, let us fall down on our knees and thank God!"

She thought that he had been called back to the throne of Poland, until he exclaimed :—

"Heaven is indeed gracious to us. You are to be Queen of France!"

What a change for the girl to leave that house with its ten trees in the garden, and twelve windows overlooking one of the narrow streets, for the magnificence of Versailles!

Curiously enough, the Duke's mistress, Madame de Prie, also favoured the new proposal, as she thought that this new combination would be advantageous, for the Queen could simply be used by her for her own purposes. Although some enemies intrigued against the engagement, and spread reports against the girl's character and against the late King of Poland, Louis XV solemnly announced that he proposed to marry the only daughter of Stanislas Leszcynski. After this announcement the anxiety was removed from the family living at Wissembourg, and preparations were made for her bridal dress. A friend in Paris asked that one of her shoes, a pair of her gloves, and the length of her skirt should be sent in order that the outfit could be made ready. A modern dressmaker would be somewhat surprised if she was asked to design dresses for a Queen, the only measurement provided being that of the length of the skirt!

Stanislas in the meantime was "raising the wind". He borrowed money from a Governor of Strasbourg in order to take out of pawn the royal jewels from a Frankfort Jew to whom they had been given as security. The same good friend provided him with three pages in order that he might make a dignified show at the Court in Paris.

After the marriage Stanislas persuaded his father-in-law to take up arms to help him to recover his Polish

kingdom, but after three years of ineffectual war he completely renounced all pretensions to his former throne, and accepted instead the Dukedom of Lorraine.

There are many other interesting houses in Wissembourg in addition to that where King Stanislas and his daughter lived for five years. The ornate house called Bietenbeck, dating from the Renaissance; the house in the market-place from a window of which Bucer preached the Reformation; the house of the Commander of the Teutonic Order that to-day has been converted into the College, and many others will be the joy of artists and architects who trouble to visit this frontier town.

Wissembourg is also a centre for excursions, as it is situated at the very spot where the River Lauter flows out into the plain of the Rhine. Accordingly, a visitor can easily walk to the ruins of some feudal castle on the hills, or saunter along the flat roads in the plain through which the Rhine runs like a silver ribbon at the foot of the Black Forest. On a clear day, far away to the south can be seen the spire of the Cathedral of Strasbourg, and to the north the towers of the Cathedral of Spire.

Those who appreciate a good cuisine should certainly try trout from the Lauter cooked with exquisite skill, a dish fit for one of those barons who occupied the castles on the hills. The place is also famous for a particular vintage of Tokay, renowned for its mellow bouquet.

Wandering one day by one of the canals a little way from the town I was given an interesting reason, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, for the existence of so many watercourses, that are almost concealed as they twine their way through the plain. A local

STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL

historian assured me that many of these canals were cut by the local inhabitants in the Middle Ages as a safe route by which they might hope to escape the notice of the chieftains who lived in the castles on the Vosges, from which they swooped down upon any hapless travellers whom they spied moving along the main roads. A bridal party journeying to a village church in those savage days stood a fifty-to-one chance of being stopped by armed men, who would loot the presents and take the bride up to some hill fortress. Some shrewd man, however, who possibly noted how the frogs tried to conceal themselves among the rushes against the attacks of greedy storks, suggested—so the story goes—that boats passing along the canals, keeping well to the bank, and so hidden by the reeds and long grass, were safe from marauders. After a time this became a most popular method of transport for the peasants who lived under constant fear of attacks either from German princes to the east or chieftains of the Vosges to the west. As a possible confirmation of this story there are the old prints picturing the passage of a wedding party carried on barges by canal to a village church in Alsace.

The country around Wissembourg is in places given over to commerce. For it should not be forgotten that the soil of Alsace conceals rich treasures—clays and sands that are used in the manufacture of some of Europe's most exquisite china and glass; iron ore utilized in numerous engineering works; and also petroleum and asphalt raised from the ground and treated with the latest scientific methods.

The mines of Pechelbronn, not far from Wissembourg, have a romantic as well as an historic interest. As long ago as 1498 a professor of the University wrote

about the springs of bituminous water that had been discovered, but it was not until 1735 that the borings began to be exploited methodically. After the Armistice the mines became the property of the French Government, who have let them out on lease since 1921 to a French company. For miles round there may be seen in the centre of cultivated crops a small pump laboriously working, fitted on to a temporary tripod. These pumps, of which there are more than five hundred in use to-day, have a curiously primitive appearance. They are, however, typical of French industry, which knows how to economize in labour and outward show. A visit to the central works, to which the mineral oil is conveyed in pipes, makes it clear how the most perfected methods are utilized in the manufacture of the various oils and petrols that are extracted from the raw liquid. The central laboratories of Merwille are model installations of modern science.

Those who cannot spare the time to stay in Wissembourg should note that a delightful tour in cars through the Basses Vosges, starting from the station at Strasbourg in the morning and returning in the evening, has been organized by the enterprising Alsace and Lorraine Railway. For those who have only limited time this provides a rapid and pleasant method for seeing the country north of Strasbourg.

The route first runs through Brumath, a little town on the River Zorn, famous for its beautiful forests, that are as popular with the people of Strasbourg as Epping Forest is with Londoners. Then is reached Reichshoffen, that once belonged to the Bishops of Strasbourg, and boasts of an eighteenth-century church and a château in a beautiful park. The French cavalry

were massed here before the famous battle in 1870, but the charge, that is as glorious in French history as our Charge of the Light Brigade, actually took place at Morsbronn. This town is to-day gaining fame for its mineral baths, which have recently cured many suffering from rheumatism, gout and sciatica.

Niederbronn is the next town of the tour, and this, too, is a famous bathing-place. In the local museum may be found many relics of the old Roman baths. After the Roman legions abandoned this part of Europe, the baths fell into disuse, and it was not until the sixteenth century that a local Count, after being cured of gout himself by taking the waters, decided to establish a modest bathing installation. This grew, and in the Revolution became public property. Of recent years the baths have been greatly improved, and the town now rivals Harrogate in the beauty of its surroundings and the entertainments and recreations offered to visitors.

Farther along the route is passed Hanau and Lembach, the latter being the terminus of the line. This is another smiling little town that is a popular centre of excursions. On the way home the visitor sees Woerth, where on 6 August, 1870, the army of MacMahon resisted so heroically the German offensive.

CHAPTER VIII

A CONVENT AND A CASTLE

"These grey stones have run with mirth and lordly carousel:
Here proud kings mingled Poetry and ruddy wine.
All hath pass'd long ago; nought but this ruin abideth,
Sadly in eyeless trance gazing upon the river."

From the Chinese

ONE hot day in June, when Strasbourg was *en fête* and filled with troops, I met a quiet, modest figure with a knapsack on his back hurrying away to the railway station. In reply to a question as to where he was going, he told me with a smile:

"I don't like crowds, and I have seen quite enough of soldiers, for I acted as one of the interpreters attached to Lord Allenby's army, so I am going up to Obernai and the hills for a quiet walk."

Any English visitor who cares to follow the road taken by this ex-service man will find that Obernai is well worth a visit. This town, with less than four thousand inhabitants, is so ancient that crude carvings have been discovered which prove that at one time it was inhabited by Celts. In the seventh century the château was held by the Duke of Alsace, and the remains of the battered fortifications may still be explored.

On Sundays in the summer hundreds of excursionists from Strasbourg pass through this town on their way to Sainte-Odile, which is one of the shrines of Alsace.

The Convent of Sainte-Odile is situated on a hill 762 metres high, and is embowered among the trees. Pilgrims who come there may stand on the terrace and look with pride over the plain of Alsace, where on a clear day can be seen over the tops of the forest trees no less than twenty towns and 300 villages. It is not only one of the most famous hills in Central Europe, but from its summit can be seen land that has been tramped over by Celtic warriors, Cæsar's legionaries, knights on their way to the Crusades, mercenaries from all parts of Europe, and by modern soldiery.

The convent itself was founded, so says the old legend, at the end of the seventh century by Sainte-Odile, who was the daughter of a Duke of Alsace. It was extremely prosperous until the twelfth century, when it was burnt down. In 1617 the buildings were reconstructed. Although they were confiscated at the French Revolution, they were bought back in the middle of the nineteenth century by the Archbishop of Strasbourg, who installed there nuns belonging to the Third Order of St. Francis.

The story of the saint will be to many far more interesting than that of the building. Professor Pfister, who in the old days was Professor of History at the Sorbonne and is now Dean of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Strasbourg, has established the chief historical facts about her life.

Sainte-Odile was born about the year 660 at Obernai, the little town described above. Her father was the third Duke of Alsace. The spelling of his

name has given rise to controversy on the part of historians. Some say that it was Adalric, others Etichon, and others Atticus. He was a Merovingian, and his wife, Bereswinde, was the sister-in-law of Childéric II. Out of the legends of those shadowy days comes the story of Ste. Odile, the girl who, after a long interval, was born to Bereswinde. Adalric, the father, was bitterly disappointed, because he hoped for a son. He entertained most lavishly an Irish monk, and commanded him to arrange with God for an heir to be given. But the monk warned the father that a daughter would be born, who would strive with him throughout his life, and in the end, so he prophesied, "the dove will conquer the furious lion".

Adalric regarded the fulfilment of such a prophecy as a disaster, and his anger was almost uncontrollable when a girl was actually born, and especially when it was discovered that she was born blind. He ordered that either the baby should be killed, or else that she should be taken away to some foreign country where her origin was unknown. Accordingly, she was hurried away—no doubt with the connivance of her mother—to Burgundy, to a convent at Baume-les-Dames, where an aunt of Bereswinde was Abbess.

The child in time grew up, but was not baptized until she had reached girlhood. About that time St. Erhard, a Bishop of Ratisbon, was told in a vision that he was to visit this convent and baptize a child who had been blind from birth, giving her the name of Odile, which means "a daughter of light". The Bishop obediently travelled from Bavaria to France, and there baptized Adalric's daughter. A miracle at once occurred, for as soon as her eyes were anointed

she was able to see, and upon this determined to consecrate her life to God.

The subsequent history of the saint has different versions. It is recorded by most writers that a special appeal was made to the Duke, beseeching him to be reconciled to his daughter, but, although by this time he had four sons and another daughter, he declined even to see her. The furious lion would show no mercy to the dove.

Ste. Odile, however, longed to know her father and mother and the land of her birth, and begged her brother Hugues to speak for her. As soon as the father heard of this he nearly murdered his son in his wrath. Time passed, and eventually this savage Duke, a character rather like that of King Lear, became milder, and he consented to see his daughter. On her arrival he was so impressed with her beauty and charm that he decided to arrange for her marriage with a neighbouring German Prince with a view to the possible extension of his kingdom.

Ste. Odile then announced that she had taken the vows, and wished to return to the convent in order to continue her religious life. At this her father's anger broke out afresh, and the unfortunate girl felt that her only safety lay in flight. Accordingly she disguised herself as a beggar and set out from Hohenburgh towards the Rhine. Adalric, in company with his knights, followed her, and had nearly succeeded in making her captive when she appealed to God for help. At that moment a rock, now known as the Odilenstein, near Fribourg, opened and closed over her. Thus the dove conquered the furious lion, for the Duke was so impressed by this miracle that, returning to his castle, he proclaimed that if his daughter

would return he would respect her sacred vocation. The news reached Ste. Odile within her rock, and she returned. Adalric tried to make up for his past harshness by decreeing that his fortress should become a convent—the first ever founded in Alsace—with his daughter as the first Abbess.

For ten years Ste. Odile presided over the convent, and old chronicles tell of how she lay on a bearskin at night, and fed by day on a small piece of barley bread. Endless stories are related of her acts of charity. It is told, for example, how on one occasion she embraced a dying leper, who immediately was cured. She founded a hospital for the sick, and also another abbey near the fountain of Ste. Odile.

Her father and mother lived quietly with her till the end of their lives, and after their death she continued to live a life of austerity and contemplation on the top of the mountain. She died in 720, and her remains were buried in the Chapel of Ste. Odile.

It is interesting to note that Professor Pfister, who is not a Catholic, has expressed his conviction that the relics venerated by pilgrims to-day are authentic. The Roman Church from the ninth century has encouraged this cult of Ste. Odile. Among pilgrims to her shrine were Charlemagne and Richard Cœur de Lion. In spite of fires which completely burnt down the building five times in two hundred years, her tomb was untouched. The mercenaries that fought in the seventeenth century, Swedes and others, refrained from pillaging her tomb, which was, however, destroyed by sacrilegious hands during the French Revolution. Nevertheless, the relics themselves were safely hidden away in the wall of a cellar by a Canon Rumpler of Obernai, and were replaced on the altar

of the Chapel in 1854. Since that time two Popes, Pius IX and Pius X, have paid reverence to the blind girl, who is one of the most striking figures in Alsatian history.

René Bazin, in his book *Les Oberlé*, has said very happily that in her Chapel "all Alsace for centuries has knelt", while Pierre Bucher has written that "Le mont Ste. Odile est le cœur de l'Alsace, dites vous—sans battement."

Down the slope of the hill is reached her holy well, visited by many pilgrims, who hope by bathing their eyes in the water either to restore or to strengthen their sight. For the legend is told that Ste. Odile, while on her way to her hospital, found a man dying of thirst on the rough mountain path. In order to bring him help she struck the rock with her staff, and out of it flowed a stream of water which restored the man to life.

The inscription on the marble slab above the fountain suggests another version of the legend, according to which the man was accompanied by a blind son, who miraculously received his sight as soon as the water from the rock was sprinkled on his eyes.

Such in rough outline is the story of Ste. Odile, whose pictures may be seen in many a shop, and whose Chapel continues to be one of the most favoured places of pilgrimage for Alsatian Catholics. Her image, dressed as an Abbess, is preserved in a glass case in the Chapel of the Cross in the church. There is a black veil about her head, while her robe is made of white silk, with a mantle violet in colour, lined with ermine. In the quadrangle outside there is a stone statue to her memory, surrounded by old-fashioned flowers grown in tubs.

Those who are inclined to be incredulous of the marvels told about this saint should read Professor Pfister's book. This old gentleman, who, in his office at the University, in spite of many calls upon his time, gave me one day with the greatest courtesy some idea of the historical background of modern Alsace, has clearly established the main facts of Ste. Odile's life in his scholarly book, *Le Duché Mérovingien d'Alsace, et La Légende de Ste. Odile.*

Within easy motoring distance of Ste. Odile, but a complete contrast to the calm religious atmosphere of the Convent, is Haut-Koenigsbourg, the military fortress of the Middle Ages, restored by the ex-Kaiser in 1902, with the object of making it as far as possible a perfect representation of a castle of the fifteenth century.

Travellers who are interested in architecture, or in the psychology of an Emperor, will find it well worth while to make a short stop at this castle, which is now, under the Treaty of Versailles, one of the national palaces of France. French soldiers occupied it on 20 November, 1918, and in 1919 the Director of Fine Arts and Architecture, under the Commissioner-General, was nominated to take charge of this building belonging to " Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern, ex-German Emperor, German subject ".

The French are therefore responsible for one of the most remarkable, but little known, buildings in Europe, that emulates in restored form Carcassonne or the Palace of the Popes at Avignon. If it is possible to imagine Edinburgh Castle deprived of all the barracks and military buildings, and then lavishly restored by some imaginative architect into a semblance of what he imagined it must have looked like in the

days of Robert Bruce, and fitting ingeniously the old stonework into the new edifice, then the reader can have some idea of Haut-Koenigsbourg to-day.

The first date on which there is any record of a fortified building standing on the site is in 1147, when King Conrad III owned one of the towers and the Duke of Alsace the other. It was subjected later to endless sieges, and was several times destroyed. After its almost complete annihilation in 1462, the ruins were handed by the Emperor Frederic III to a Swiss Count, who, assisted by financial contributions from the town of Strasbourg, reconstructed the castle, and made it one of the most important fortified places in the Vosges. Under this family of Thiersteins the château flourished, but during the Thirty Years War it was bombarded by the Swedes. Louis XIV, after the Treaty of Westphalia, as Sovereign of Alsace, thereupon became the owner of the building. During the Revolution it was declared to be national property, and eventually, after various vicissitudes, in 1885 it was bought, together with the surrounding forests, by the rich little town of Sélestat.

The late German Emperor, in one of his periodical visits to Alsace, arrived at the castle. Knowing archæology to be one of his little hobbies, the town of Sélestat, which was finding the cost of upkeep of the structure extremely heavy, tried to please the Kaiser, and also to save the ratepayers' pockets, by presenting him with the ruins. The Emperor was delighted. He said that he was very proud of possessing "in beautiful Alsace a personal home of this kind". He then proposed to conduct a magnificent restoration in order "to revive the splendour of feudal times".

Unfortunately for the local inhabitants, he was not

prepared to do this at his own expense, and asked the Alsatians to foot the bill. After acrimonious discussion, and in spite of much opposition, the members of the local Parliament in 1901 voted 150,000 marks towards the expense of the work. Then came a protracted debate as to the method of restoration, but the Kaiser as usual had his own ideas, and employed his architect, a M. Boudou Edhardt, who was a "specialist" in the restoration of castles. An advisory committee was also appointed of professors, historians and archæologists. The result was that the castle to-day largely follows a conception which the Kaiser and his architectural adviser had of a German feudal castle. They gave plenty of scope to their imaginations and used the experience gained in repair work on German castles. Although it is not a painstaking and scholarly restoration, such as the British Office of Works, under Sir Frank Baines, has carried out in Melrose Abbey, it has, nevertheless, given Alsace an extremely interesting example of military architecture. For the whole place as restored is bellicose. For example, the Kaiser in several places has added a drawbridge, or introduced special features in the defensive system to enable stones or boiling oil to be thrown down on the attacking forces.

After passing through the entrance gates, that are strongly defended, there is a courtyard with a house built in the Alsatian style for the occupation of the guards and servants. On the other side there is a forge and a windmill, both designed to suit the rather exotic taste of the Kaiser. Out of this leads a road giving access to the central keep, guarded by five successive gates that are each fitted with a drawbridge, portcullis and other forms of defence. In the

central keep are a variety of rooms, a chapel, bedrooms, an armoury, and a dining-room.

The armoury is an arsenal filled with swords, spears and mediæval weapons. Immediately above is the room where solemn banquets were given by the Kaiser on the occasion of his annual visit, when he rested in the castle for a few hours, but curiously enough never slept there. The chairs still stand round the table, and one particular chair was specially designed for the Kaiser. Although to outward appearance it is the same height as the others, anyone who sits in it is elevated well above his neighbours. The humorous guide insists on short members of parties that he is conducting round sitting in this "trick" chair, from which they can look down on their friends.

This dining-room is in a hall that is called La Salle des Fêtes, and it stands over the armoury, or La Salle des Chevaliers. The walls are ornamented with heraldic frescoes by the painter, Leon Schnug, and contain several relics characteristic of the taste of the Emperor. There is, for example, preserved in a glass case a large ornamented key, the key of the castle, wrought in the flamboyant style of modern German art. The fender of the great fireplace was made during the war, and engraved on it are the famous words of the Kaiser, uttered in this room, "Ich habe es nicht gewollt", or "It was not my doing"—a pathetic denial of war-guilt.

Well away from the living rooms there is an immense donjon, more than four stories high, about which rages an architectural controversy as to whether it was originally built round or square. Already there is quite a literature on the subject, but it would certainly appear that a square tower was built in the twelfth

century, and that this was reconstructed as a round tower some time after 1479.

Apart from these archæological questions, the castle is well worth a visit, although the reconstruction is often in bad taste. The Kaiser has had his name engraved in a blatant way, like a Cockney scratching his name on a cathedral. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to admire the magnitude of the conception of rebuilding stone by stone this stupendous castle. It seems still more extraordinary that after spending so much care and other people's money upon it, the Kaiser should have only stayed there for an occasional lunch or dinner, and not made it his Alsatian residence.

To-day the place has become a holiday resort for the French, as popular as Hampton Court is to Londoners. Cars from all parts are parked outside the front entrance, and picnic parties enjoy the shade of the woods, while the younger members of the family are constantly on the tiptoe of expectation in the hopes of seeing a wild boar, complete with tusks, like those heads which the Kaiser placed on the walls of his own rooms within. A typical French touch is given to the whole edifice by the selection of a gay and witty Captain of the Chasseurs Alpins to act as chief curator. He fought with the "Blue Devils" in the hills that can be seen from the windows of the high keep, and he loses no opportunity of pointing out to visitors, especially if they come from England or the United States, that the Rhine can be seen gleaming in the plain below, that the dark mass beyond is the Black Forest, where Huns have lived for centuries, and from which a barbarian invasion may again emerge to attempt the destruction of modern civiliza-

tion if France, his Fatherland, is not allowed to maintain a strong hold upon the frontier river.

Below the Kaiser's castle, and some four miles to the east of the Vosges, the Golf Club of Alsace was opened for play in 1925. The committee symbolizes the friendship between Great Britain, France and America, for it comprises M. Lazare Weiller, Senator for Alsace, and one of France's leading captains of industry; the Earl of Derby, President of the United Associations of Great Britain and France; Lord Charles Montague; and Mr. Herrick, the American Ambassador in France. Major Harvey, the popular secretary of the Cannes Golf Club, specially visited Alsace in order to supervise the work that is being carried out on the course.

I decided to walk out to these links, and spoke to several villagers asking the way, but not a single person had ever heard of the word "golf". In all the Alsatian towns tennis is played, and indeed the number of tennis courts in Strasbourg has doubled since the Armistice, while in many of the smaller towns, with the encouragement of the French Government, football clubs have recently been formed, but the word "golf", however pronounced, simply brought a look of utter bewilderment to the faces of the inhabitants.

At last the new golf pavilion came in sight, and I was told by the "canny" groundsman, who hailed from Le Touquet, something of the introduction of the Royal and Ancient game into this frontier country. Senator Weiller became attached to the game of golf while staying at Cannes. He had on his Alsatian property the site of an old German aerodrome covered with turf that is made by nature to form a fair way. On this land, with the help of Major Harvey, he has

skilfully planned the new links, which in time will become one of the most notable and beautiful in Europe. From the veranda of the pavilion the player looks towards the Vosges, and the hill immediately in front is surmounted by Haut-Koenigsbourg. As he stands on the first tee his golf club at the end of the swing points in the direction of the Black Forest, which on a clear day can be seen grim and menacing, across the Rhine, while away to the left of the first green can be descried on the horizon the white-capped summits of the Alps. All around the air is full of the shrill chirrupings of the *sauterelles*, the large type of grasshopper which flourishes on the plain of Alsace and makes a noise peculiar to itself.

Before long it is hoped to build a golfers' hotel on the slopes of the Vosges not far away, and also to utilize the mineral waters that flow so freely among the hills. In that case it will be possible for the dyspeptic to take the waters of Alsace, which for centuries have been reputed for their medicinal quality, but which were not developed by the Germans, who feared that they might outrival some of their existing spas.

The first golf links of Alsace may in a few years' time become the scene of European championship matches, and the ground from which German aeroplanes set out to bomb the trenches be entirely devoted to the peaceful golfers and their attendant caddies.

CHAPTER IX

SÉLESTAT

"... Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay ..."

SHAKESPEARE

WHEN Presidents and Cabinet Ministers visit Alsace, they usually find themselves before long in a treasure house situated at Sélestat, about twenty miles south of Strasbourg. This belongs to Senator Lazare Weiller, who has modernized some historic buildings and created gardens that are unique in the east of France.

The estate is called the Lieutenancy, no doubt owing to the fact that at one time it was occupied by François de Roze de Provenchères, a Lieutenant of the King, sent to Sélestat to represent the Monarch in 1634. After that date the house became the official residence of the King's representative, and in 1744 Louis XV, on his way from Strasbourg to Brisgau, stayed there for the night. Much of the ancient building has been skilfully retained, but the whole house has been modernized in order to provide every comfort for the many guests, not only from France but from England and the United States, who visit M. Weiller.

On arrival at the station of the little town of Sélestat

visitors find an ugly water-tower, open gardens and broad boulevards—relics of the German occupation. But the town itself is full of old houses and quaint corners that have been untouched, and the streets are so narrow that a car has to proceed cautiously to avoid accidents.

M. Weiller's house is tucked away at the bottom of the Rue Babil under the shadow of the Cathedral. Nothing quite like it, with its spacious courts and gardens laid out in a style that combines native taste with Italian art, was ever known under the German régime, and certainly few museums, except possibly the Louvre, contain such exquisite specimens of craftsmen's work—paintings, china, carving, silver work, clocks, old furniture, carpets, and wrought iron. The entrance gates, made of iron, shaped in the form of a semicircle, delicate and strong, flanked on either side by oval openings in the garden wall, also filled with iron lattice work, immediately make an impression of fine taste and open-minded liberality.

Before reaching the entrance gates, but only a few yards away, is a farm-house, the inhabitants of which, adults and children alike, spend a good part of their lives watching the entry and departure of the many guests. To the right is a lodge of octagonal form, designed in the traditional Alsatian style, while in front stands the house itself, with a massive porch and a balcony above.

But most eyes will turn to the roof, with its typical Alsatian windows and the stork's nest on top. The *cigogne* seemingly knows a good home, and year after year the same lady stork has brought up her family in the nest built on the cartwheel considerately placed on the roof by the owner of the property, while

A GARDEN OF M. WEILLER'S HOUSE AT SÉLESTAT

her mate visits the marshes and brings back frogs to supply the needs of the growing family. Judging from the clacking of beaks which commences in the early hours of the morning, and can be heard at intervals throughout the day until after 10 p.m., life is strenuous for storks even in a land so rich as Alsace. Their nest, however, adds just the touch of romance needed to complete the atmosphere of the Lieutenancy.

When the visitor enters the gates and looks towards the east, he will see the oldest part of the house—the right wing, on to which three bedrooms open, and at the end of which there is a small outside staircase. The ground floor has been converted into a garage, from which entry may be effected into a series of enormous cellars, some of which are stored with wine made from grapes grown on vineyards not far away. Thus guests are not only privileged to live in an Alsatian home, but they may also drink the home vintage.

Passing up the stone steps through the front door the visitor enters into the great hall, with heavy oak beams running across the ceiling. Opposite, the windows look out to the north, and the thickness of the walls here immediately attracts notice, for they are in part the original ramparts that were built in the thirteenth century for a Palace of Charlemagne. Tarade, a pupil of Vauban, in 1675 built fortifications round Sélestat, and some of the old defences were in time incorporated in the Lieutenant's house.

In the modernization of this historical building the windows have been enlarged so as to admit more light, and the rooms so arranged that they open out into each other. The study is divided from a little salon solely by a low wrought-iron railing, and from

the principal drawing-room by a magnificent specimen of wrought-iron lattice work. Every detail has been thought out with the utmost care, and *objets d'art* of inestimable value abound. The study itself contains several valuable pictures, including two by Canaletto, and a portrait of M. Lazare Weiller by the well-known French artist Jean Beraud. There is also a bust of Vauban by Caffieri, and on the bookshelves numerous books showing the Catholic outlook of their owner.

The drawing-room is notable for the large mantelpiece made of the grey stone of the Vosges, surmounted by a bust of Beatus Rhenanus, the founder of a University at Sélestat at the time of the Renaissance. He was one of the first Humanists in Europe. Englishmen will also discover with delight on the walls original paintings by Hoppner, Lawrence, Romney and Reynolds. Just outside the door is a portrait of a group taken on the terrace of M. Weiller's house at Angoulême when he entertained the Prince of Wales and Lord Derby, who was at that time British Ambassador in Paris.

On the other side of the great hall are two dining-rooms. On the old oak dressers in the smaller one, which is used by the family when they are alone, is arranged a remarkable collection of pottery of Metthey, while on the Italian dining-table of the principal dining-room, which is only used on state occasions, there is set a collection of Hanong china. One of the soup tureens in this set is so choice and rare that it cost 20,000 francs. Round the walls are portraits by Henner, Van de Vors, Philippe de Champagne, and Reynolds.

The rooms on the first floor open out on a wide corridor, and are all furnished with the same rare taste. But the gem of the house is a little study on

the first floor surrounded by Louis XVI panelling. After the Armistice a local German attempted to take this panelling into Germany, but fortunately for France it was preserved. One of the surprises of this room can only be enjoyed at night-time, for out of it opens a balcony looking down upon a Florentine garden across to another house in the grounds that is occupied during part of the summer by M. Weiller's married daughter and family. Standing there on a dark night, our host said playfully :

" Don't you wish it were moonlight so that you could see the roses blooming ? "

A lady present replied, " Unfortunately we cannot dictate to the clerk of the weather ", but M. Weiller remarked, " Ah ! I have a better way." On that he touched an electric switch, and hidden floodlights, skilfully concealed, illuminated all the gardens in a delicate light like that of the moon.

The grounds are as charming as the interior of the house. They have been laid out in a style that bears traces of both French and Italian influence, with pergolas and cloisters, statues and fountains.

Beauty, however, although attained in almost overpowering measure, is not the sole object of the brain that has been responsible for creating since the end of the war this Alsatian treasure house. On the other side of the broad boulevard that runs along the north of the house an extensive fruit garden has been laid out on the English plan, designed to show how wall fruit should be grown. This part of the gardener's art is not generally known in Alsace, and the garden walls are purposely arranged with open grilles so that local townsfolk can look through the ironwork and see how the gardeners are training the

peaches and nectarines and pears. There is also on the estate a small farm, so clean and dainty as to be a model to some of the surrounding farmers, and there turkeys presented by Lord Derby live an almost ideal existence until Yule-tide comes near.

Those who wander through the gardens, and sit by the Florentine fountains, or walk through the pergolas rich with roses, have before them a kaleidoscope of changing views. To the west are the hills of the Vosges, to the east the Black Forest, and to the south the silhouettes of the towers of the Cathedral and the quaint old roofs of the town. Thus in a perfect setting the fortunate wayfarer may enjoy one of the gems of Alsace.

Sélestat itself is a fascinating old town to explore. It is so rich in buildings and legends that I was not surprised early one day to see Professor Pfister, who knows more about old Alsace than any living man, come over from the University of Strasbourg to spend a quiet Sunday morning wandering through the old streets.

There is good reason to believe that as long ago as A.D. 775 the Emperor Charlemagne spent Christmas there, while in the thirteenth century it became an Imperial Town, and was therefore allowed to have fortifications. During the Thirty Years War it was besieged, and only surrendered after a protracted resistance. By the Treaty of Westphalia it became French. It was bombarded in 1814, besieged in 1870, and the ramparts were dismantled in 1873. Thus it will be seen that Sélestat, despite its sleepy peaceful atmosphere to-day, has passed through troublous times.

I asked a woman in a draper's shop how she had

fared during the last war. She shrugged her shoulders. "Ah, yes," she said, "the German soldiers billeted here were not so bad. They spent their money freely, and after the first two months behaved fairly decently to local inhabitants. But food became very scarce in 1918, and my children are still suffering in consequence from weakness, the result of the privation of those days."

Every effort is being made to-day to improve the health of such children, and there are crêches, dispensaries, and other social activities, all designed to produce a healthier race. The chance visitor passing along the quaint narrow streets would have no idea that the prominent citizens of Sélestat are as active in good works, especially in baby welfare, as any English Council of Social Welfare. For the first impression is that the town is in a trance. You pass down a narrow street through which runs a stream two feet deep and four feet wide, half expecting to see round the corner the house of some sleeping Princess. Almost any quaint old building could be drawn as it stands to-day by an artist as an illustration for a fairy tale.

This impression is the more intense at night-time, for then the streets are most skilfully lighted with lamps that illuminate the paths and also shine upon architectural beauties, dating in many cases from the fifteenth and sixteenth century, that are not noticed by day. After dark, as the wayfarer stands in the Marché aux Poissons, where fish are never sold, and listens to part-singing from a neighbouring house, it is easy for him to imagine himself transported into a romance of the Middle Ages.

Sélestat, however, despite the enchantment of its

towers and balconies, is a go-ahead little town. After annexation to Germany many declared that it was quite dead, for its industry declined, the population decreased, and visitors rapidly departed, describing it as "a melancholy and funereal place". But since 1918 local manufactures have revived, and on the outskirts of the town may be found new mills and workshops where china, chemical products and textiles are manufactured, while there are several interesting housing schemes already completed in the six years since the Armistice.

The Library of the town should certainly not be missed, for there are preserved the ancient books that were left as a legacy by one of the European philosophers of the day, Beatus Rhenanus.

Sélestat, as is well said by Mr. F. C. Rimington in his interesting book which describes a motor drive between Strasbourg and Grenoble, also contains "a collection of unspoilt mediæval houses unsurpassed by anything of the kind which I have seen in Europe." As an architect Mr. Rimington was specially impressed by Sélestat's two principal churches, the one "a singularly pure and effective example" of the Romanesque period of architecture that flourished in the dark ages of Europe's history, while the other, St. George's, "was born Romanesque, but owing to a variety of happenings it grew up to be Gothic. To-day it is almost wholly the latter, and is rightly classed amongst the finest of the Gothic churches in Alsace". I quote these words because they are written by a man of scholarship who was evidently as impressed as we were with the attraction of this little town.

It is reputed, with good reason no doubt, to be

THE OLD ARSENAL AT SÉLESTAT

the richest town in France, for it owns property, both prairie and forests, that provide an extremely substantial income. The Mayor is a shrewd business man, who is developing the municipal estates to their full capacity.

There is a flourishing football club that was started by three Englishmen who came to the place in 1906 in order to superintend the fitting up of textile machinery in one of the local mills. But sport was not encouraged by the Germans. The French, however, who are far more alive to the value of games than their predecessors, gave a special grant towards the building of a pavilion. The municipality paid half of the cost of a gymnasium that has been erected on the sports ground, and the Alsace Railway, always anxious to assist the development of the country, allows half fares to teams travelling to play matches in neighbouring towns.

In addition to thus encouraging games, Sélestat has been attending to the housing question. The Mayor told me that the municipality has lent in the past two or three years no less than 350,000 francs at 3 per cent. to local townsfolk to enable them to build houses for themselves. As a contrast to the myriad regulations imposed by our post-war Housing Acts in this country, in Sélestat there are no standards set up and no restrictions imposed, for, as the Mayor said, "Our sole desire is that homes should be provided with as little delay as possible."

In M. Weiller's house I was privileged to meet one evening at dinner several of the Deputies for Alsace. One was formerly a schoolmaster who knew not a word of French at the time of the Armistice. Another was of a rather rough type, but cheery and sincere,

reminding me very much of Mr. Stephen Walsh, the former Labour War Minister.

The conversation after dinner passed on to the delicate ground of discussing prominent Englishmen. Someone praised Lloyd George as the man who won the war, and another Deputy, with a twinkle, immediately quoted a conversation that he had had with one of Mr. L. G.'s colleagues. He declared that a certain English politician thus explained the superiority of the British race :—

" We do not require men of intelligence in England, because we have traditions. Of course you have no traditions in France. Just as it takes forty generations of good breeding to make a lady, so it requires forty generations of a family in high office in the State to make tradition. That is why you in France require men of genius ! "

Another Deputy declared that it was somewhat unfair to quote this as representative of English opinion, and said that such a man as Lord Derby would never have dreamt of making such a foolish statement. Immediately there was a chorus round the table in praise of the late Ambassador, and a Senator present said, " Lord Derby is the only Englishman who could become by popular election the President of the French Republic ! "

A Deputy then told the following story, which has, I believe, been published in the Parisian Press, but is worth requoting :—

" One of my friends who was a Deputy with me in 1919 was a non-smoker. We were both delighted when we received an official invitation to attend a reception to be given by Lord Derby at the British Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honoré. What an

evening that was! Gorgeous butlers came round to the guests holding huge boxes containing the most magnificent long cigars that I have ever seen in my life. Why, they must have cost at least twenty francs each! I took one, of course, and it kept me busy all the evening.

"The next day I went round to my friend's flat to see how he was after such a memorable evening. Although, as I say, he was a non-smoker, to my surprise he offered me a cigar. I took one, examined it, and then said, 'Why, this is one of the British Ambassador's cigars!'

"My friend replied, 'Of course. I have fourteen others like that. When the butlers came round, as I was not smoking, they offered me the open box, and each time I took out a cigar and put it away in my pocket. England is rich enough to pay!'"

This story aroused roars of laughter, and it was universally agreed that at any rate Lord Derby was really one of the Grand Seigneurs of the world to-day.

It is always difficult to repeat conversations without being indiscreet or even worse. Nevertheless, another talk that I had with a priest, whose identity of course cannot be divulged, deserves to be summarized, for it was typical of many expressions of opinion that I heard from clerics. It also expressed in a somewhat exaggerated form a definite school of opinion. Naturally, having the privilege of meeting an Abbé, who was in a unique position to know the feelings of his flock, I pressed him to tell me frankly his views of the present political situation in Alsace. He said in effect:—

"Alsace has many points of resemblance to Ireland as it was during the Home Rule controversy. Religion is at the basis of most of our agitations, and Herriot

was extremely unwise and tactless to excite our religious passions. In spite of this anti-clericalism, I am convinced that in my part of the country, which is largely rural, on a direct plebiscite, a large majority of my parishioners would vote unhesitatingly for France. The extra taxation, of which some complain, is not really serious, and is fully compensated for by the social benefits received in exchange. Still, the French Government will have to possess much *savoir faire* if they do not wish to offend our rather delicate susceptibilities."

CHAPTER X

COLMAR

"The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell."

SHELLEY

THERE is a legend that Colmar was founded by Hercules, and therefore his club has its place on the Municipal Arms. Coming to a less shadowy period, it is an historical fact that a French King established a Royal Farm there, and that after the town had been captured by the Swedes during the Thirty Years War, it came into the possession of Louis XIII. Turenne's victory at Turckheim in 1675 confirmed Colmar's possession by France. After the war of 1870, it was persistently pro-French in spite of persecution, and the citizens of Colmar showed by the rapturous welcome given to the French troops who entered the town on 18 November, 1918, how deep was their devotion to France.

It is an old town of 42,000 inhabitants, but industrial factories and workshops are gradually taking the place of more ancient buildings, and those who enter Colmar by road have to pass through a hard commercial shell before the picturesque kernel within is reached.

Colmar still possesses, however, many ancient streets which preserve their old Alsatian character. As no plan has been thought out in advance, there is a charming irregularity about the older parts of the town, where houses differ in design and in height, and where the streets wind about with sharp turnings that make progress in a car impossible at a rate faster than six miles an hour. The unexpected turns, the overhanging gables, the wooden balconies, the low doors, the rich sculptures on the houses that belonged to wealthy merchants of bygone generations, the towers, and the belfries, each add their own particular beauty to the town.

The inevitable Avenue of the Republic, the Avenues of Raymond Poincaré, of Liberté, and of Joffre, the statue to General Rapp, one of Napoleon's leading soldiers, and of Admiral Bruart, are silent witnesses to the past associations of the town with French history.

Like other Alsatian towns, Colmar is a place in which it is necessary to browse in order to extract its full flavour, but the artist will discover, if he takes his time, beauty spots equal to some of the renowned sights of Italy.

The Petite Venise, for example, is one of these, for the houses hang over a stream known as the Lauch, and pathways for pedestrians form the quays. In the evening, instead of gondolas, flat-bottomed boats may be seen full of vegetables for sale in the Colmar market, moving silently along, propelled by peasants using rustic punt-poles.

The Customs House that was built in 1480 is another of the town's curiosities, with its picturesque windows on the first story and a quaint balustrade, and inside

A 'VENETIAN' SCENE AT COLMAR

a fine collection of armour. This part of the town reminds the wayfarer of Nuremberg, for there are a large number of houses still surviving that might well form a stage setting for the Meistersinger.

The Cathedral, built in 1234 on the site of an old church, possesses its own special beauty, being constructed of a sandstone that is particularly warm in colour, now that it has mellowed with age. In the choir may be found the celebrated picture by Martin Shongauer, "The Virgin with the Rose Bush", that the Germans restored under pressure in October 1919, after they had taken it away to Munich at the end of the war.

The Museum of Colmar, another historic building, occupies the cloisters and some of the rooms of an ancient Dominican convent. The former guest-house has been converted into a theatre, while a number of interesting pictures and precious souvenirs of old Alsace are preserved in the Museum. Many of these came from a convent that was situated some miles away at the entrance to the valley of Guebwiller. This convent was in the eighteenth century one of the wealthiest in Christendom, and visited by pilgrims from all parts of Europe. But the Revolution was merciless, and throughout the southern part of Alsace churches and monasteries were destroyed and plundered, including this convent. On the twenty-fourth vendémiaire of the year III—to use the revolutionary almanac—there was a change of policy, and the local authorities of the Colmar district ordered two of their citizens to search for all possible art treasures and bring them to the National Library. Their report may still be read, and proves with what zeal and expert knowledge they carried out their mission. They

expressed their sorrow in this report at the destruction of an immense number of ecclesiastical pictures and statues by the revolutionary fanatics.

Fortunately they discovered, however, the celebrated altar screen of Isemheim, a painting ascribed to Mathias Grumweld, which is now to be seen in the Museum, and is one of the greatest artistic curiosities of Alsace. The altar screen has folding panels which have paintings of the Crucifixion on the outside. Within are pictures of the Temptation of St. Anthony, who is surrounded by curious beings with animal heads, very like those that figure in some of the early paintings of Dürer, and an extremely dignified picture of the Visit of St. Anthony to St. Paul the Hermit. The reason of the life of St. Anthony being commemorated in this way is because the convent belonged to the order of Antonites that was founded in France at the end of the eleventh century for the care of persons who were stricken by the curious epidemic called at that time the Fire of St. Anthony.

A century ago the paintings on the altar screen were attributed to Albert Dürer. Then a painter called Grein was said to be responsible, and now to-day Grumweld. But whoever may be the artist, certainly this is one of the most tragic representations of the Crucifixion that has ever been painted. An interesting theory attributes the painting to Italian influence, and a local scholar whose book may be found in the library of the town suggests that the Abbot of the monastery, during its reconstruction in the year 1500, sent to Italy for an Italian painter, who proceeded to decorate the church in a style learnt from the Italian Renaissance, but using Alsatian peasants for

his models. André Hallays thus describes this altar screen: "By the mixture of mysticism and realism, the splendour, the dramatic and supernatural light in which the master of Isemheim wraps his visions, the paintings of the Convent of the Antonites remain a unique work of art, at least the only known one, of an artist who had not his equal in any time, or in any country."

A story, worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott, concerns the executioner of Colmar, which I discovered recently in an old French diary. The writer there describes the excitement in Colmar over the arrest and imprisonment on 7 May, 1777, of the public executioner, who was charged with being absent without leave.

As his defence revealed such a mysterious episode, it is little wonder that it was the main topic of conversation at the time, and therefore was written down in the diary of the Baronne of Oberkirch. This lady spent her early life in a château at Schweighausen, on the road between Colmar and Belfort about a league from Cernay, which was close to "No Man's Land" during the war, and her diary is one of the principal sources of the local history of Alsace in the twenty years before the French Revolution. This is the story she tells of the man's defence:—

The executioner explained to the judges at his trial that one evening at the end of April he was alone at home, for his wife and servants had gone out, and was busy with the professional duty of mending his handcuffs, when there was a knock at the door. He was surprised, for he received few visitors, as, except for the servants of the law, no one usually approached such an accursed house as that of the Headsman.

But he opened the door, and saw three men with mantles wrapped round them standing there, while a coach that had stopped some distance away surrounded by some five other men was slowly coming nearer. The executioner saw all that, and was certainly astonished, but not in the least frightened.

"Are you the public executioner?" asked one of the strangers.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Are you alone? We wish to speak to you on a very secret matter."

"I am quite alone. Enter, Messieurs."

He thought that they had been sent by some neighbouring municipality who wished to employ him, and made way so that they could enter. But he had hardly finished speaking when they threw themselves upon him, gagged his mouth, and quickly tied his arms and legs, so as to prevent him from making the least movement. They then carried him into the coach, which they entered with him, and slammed the door. The escort sprang to their horses, and the whole party galloped away. All kept perfectly silent until they had left the town, and then the man who had already spoken touched the arm of the executioner.

"Listen," he said, "there is no need to have any fear. No harm will come to you. You have been taken away so as to fulfil an act of justice. We answer for your safety provided you do not try to escape, and also provided that you do not try to learn what you must not know. No one of us will reply to any of your questions, but we shall give you all that you need. When your task is completed, you will be taken back to your home, and in addition you

will receive 200 gold louis as compensation for the interference with your work."

The executioner felt relieved, although he was by no means at his ease, but at any rate it was something to know that they did not wish to take his life. He would have been more comfortable, however, if they could have given him the use of his limbs and his tongue. He was glad, therefore, to hear the same voice say some time later :—

"We are now going to loosen the bonds on your arms and legs, and to take the gag out of your mouth. During the night we shall take the bandage from off your eyes, but during the day it will be replaced. We only do this on condition that you obey all our orders, and that you do not speak a word. If you make the least sound you are dead! Do you consent?"

He felt the rims of two pistols and the point of a dagger against his chest, and he had no alternative but to agree, and when they had ungagged him, he swore with every possible oath not to break in any way the proposed pact and to accept the conditions.

"Good. You have now nothing to fear," said his captors.

After that not a word more was spoken. The coach went on quickly, for fresh horses were waiting at the posting stations, and there was no delay. The blinds of the coach were down during the whole of the day, and the bandage was not removed from his eyes. When he even tried to raise it, he felt the pistols at his side. Except for this, he was treated well. Good food and good wine were carried in plenty, and he had his share with the others. When it was

necessary to halt, this was done always in some forest or in some desolate spot where he could not recognize anything, but he thought that they had crossed the Rhine and were going into the mountains.

On the evening of the second day they stopped at a gateway. He heard a portcullis creak and a drawbridge descend into position. Then from the reverberation of the wheels he guessed that they were crossing over a very deep moat. The horses turned into a courtyard, and two men holding the executioner by each arm forced him to leave the coach, when he heard on the ground near him a noise like that of halberds or the butt end of muskets. As he hesitated, the unknown voice said :—

"Let me lead you. Remember your promise, and we will keep ours."

He thought that he entered into a great hall, and went through several vaulted corridors, until he was guided into an immense room, where his bandage was taken off. He found himself in a hall hung with black from the roof to the floor and badly lit by a few torches. Some men dressed as judges were seated at one end, but the light was so poor that although they wore no masks it was impossible to distinguish their features.

Hardly had he entered when a veiled woman was brought in through a door at the other end. She was tall, slender, and certainly young, wearing a robe of velvet of the violet colour worn by nuns, which completely covered her. She stood motionless at the end of the hall, with her arms hidden in the sleeves of her robe, and holding her head high. The man who presided rose.

"We have sent for you", said he, speaking in

German, which the executioner, like all Alsatians, understood, in spite of the difference of dialect, "to execute the sentence passed upon this woman. The punishment must be as secret as the crime for which it has been awarded. You must do your duty. You must cut off the head of this creature, who cannot be touched by any human laws, but is nevertheless guilty of an unpardonable crime."

The executioner was an honest man. He executed his office on the order of the Colmar magistrates after he had received the proper documents signed and delivered by the King's agents, bearing the seal of the town and the fleur-de-lis. But it was another thing to kill on authority that he was not able to recognize, and at the order of strangers whose faces were unknown to him. He therefore bravely answered:—

"I will not do it."

The condemned woman stood there without any movement, as if his reply had no interest for her whatsoever.

"You promised to obey", repeated the voice of the man who had brought him there, "and you will have to submit to our vengeance if you do not fulfil your word."

"I am not an assassin, Monsieur", he replied. "I cannot accept your command, and I will not touch a hair of this lady's head. Besides, what evil has she done?"

The man who acted as President consulted his colleagues, and then rose up quickly and cried out in a loud voice:—

"You ask what this woman has done? I am going to tell you, and then your hair will start up in horror

on your head. After that you will not hesitate any longer to become the instrument of justice. After that . . ."

"Enough", interrupted the woman, holding her arms to him. "Enough. You may put me to death, but you cannot, you ought not to, reveal to a man like this what your ears have heard. If I am guilty, punish me. I submit, although it is more than you have a right to expect."

There was silence after that, interrupted only by the tolling of a great clock outside, which sounded eleven o'clock.

"There is not a moment to lose," said the President. They offered the executioner a very large and sharp sword.

"No", repeated the man from Colmar. "No, do it yourselves. As you have passed the sentence without authority, so it is for you to carry it into execution."

The victim stood motionless, and the first man spoke again.

"Do you wish to preserve your life?"

"Certainly I do, for the sake of my wife and my little girl, who would have no support in the world if I was not with them."

"Then make your choice. When the clock sounds the quarter, if this woman has not been decapitated at your hand, you will be shot, and I myself will pull the trigger."

"Why do you not kill her, then, if you are so ready to become a murderer?"

The President seemed to tremble under his long robe and evaded the question. "It is for you to choose," he continued.

The executioner had resisted up to now with all his power, but he began to be frightened, although he was a brave man, for the judge's attitude was terrifying. There was silence in the room while he had to decide between committing a crime or his own death.

He tried to pray. He called on the Virgin and the Saints, for he was a Catholic, and again said :—

" Kill me, if you wish. I will not obey you."

" There are just ten minutes more for you to make up your mind ", said the judge coldly. The silence continued, broken only by the sound of the clock measuring out the life of one of them. When the quarter struck the woman did not even move her head. Then two of the attendants presented the executioner with the sword, but he shook his head, and pushed it away from him, not having the strength to speak. The judge took out his pistol. When the executioner saw this he exclaimed :—

" My God ! Do you wish that I should leave in this world alone a widow and an orphan ? "

Then, faced with the crisis, he gave way at last, and with a sob he exclaimed :—

" I agree ! I agree ! "

He took the sword and touched it with his thumb so as to make sure that it was really sharp. He took two steps forward, but the condemned woman stood upright and would not even kneel.

" Do you not wish to see a priest ? " said he, as the sudden idea of effecting a delay struck him.

" Do your duty ", said the President, " and do not concern yourself with other matters."

" I cannot do it without this lady being bound."

" Tie the hands of this woman ", said the inflexible voice of the judge.

Two men advanced, upon whom she turned with great dignity.

" Do you dare to touch me ? "

They stopped at this, but the President motioned them to obey, and a few moments later the woman was tied down with her head on a block. Her veil was raised so as to expose her neck, and she did not attempt to resist.

The executioner raised the sword, and struck a blow with so much violence that the head was severed from the body. He then let the sword drop, and this man of iron, accustomed to blood, swooned away by the side of the victim whom he had sacrificed.

When he came to himself he was again shut in the coach, which was on its return journey, with a bandage over his eyes, and covered with a cloak that hid his stained clothing.

" Here is your fee ", said the man who had led him there, " and we have doubled it because you are an honest man."

On the evening of the fourth day he was back again home, where he found his wife in a state of great anxiety and the magistrates furious at his absence.

The story is written here following closely the depositions that were made at Strasbourg for the information of the representative of the King, but in spite of inquiry nothing more was learnt. The incident as told in a contemporary document is illuminating as showing the state of civilization that existed in Central Europe a few years before the French Revolution.

I wish that I could have added a climax to this story in the approved style of the short-story writers, but I am writing truth, so far as it can be gathered, and not fiction, and therefore there is no *dénouement* of a mysterious episode that has never been explained.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE VOSGES

"To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man."

WORDSWORTH

IT is said that in 1673 Louis XIV, on arriving at a hill in the Vosges from which he was able to look down on the plain of Alsace stretched before him in the sunshine, rich with crops, vines and fruit-trees, exclaimed, "Certainly this is the Garden of France!" Those who wish to appreciate the beauties of Alsace would be well advised to tear themselves away from the attractions of her capital city and make their way to some of the quaint villages on the slopes of the Vosges. The majority of these are easily accessible either by train or by the special char-à-banc service provided by the railway, which makes good use of the magnificent new roads that run on both sides of the Vosges. This picturesque country, so full of memories of the war, has since the Armistice been opened to the motor-car, and now the hill-tops and forests are easily accessible to visitors by routes that I give in detail in the final chapter of this book.

Over a hundred miles of new motoring roads have been constructed in the last ten years. On these can be reached the highest point of the Vosges, the Ballon de Guebwiller, on the very top of which is placed the monument to the Chasseurs Alpins, the "Blue Devils" as they were called by the German Army. From this view-point can be enjoyed a panorama over the plain to the Black Forest, or down into the picturesque valley of Thann, or as far as the Jura and the Alps.

The holiday maker should not miss a visit to the little town of Riquewihr, which lies not far from Ribeauville, close to the main line from Strasbourg to Mulhouse. If ever this town is discovered by artists it will become as famous as Rothenburg in Bavaria, or as Ypres was in Flanders before the war. For Riquewihr is one of the few remaining places in Europe where the houses and streets remain to-day unchanged since the time of the Renaissance. Almost every house bears the date of the sixteenth century and possesses balconies and carved portals. The streets are poorly drained, and the double walls and gates remind the traveller of the savage Middle Ages. In those days the village was wealthy and the inhabitants had to be prepared to defend themselves from bands of marauders who came down from the hills to plunder.

The townsfolk depend on their vineyards, where a delicately flavoured white grape is cultivated, from which is produced the "Reisling", the lightest and the freshest wine of Alsace. In the early summer the men return home after tending the vines, looking as if they had stepped out of a sixteenth-century picture. On their backs are strapped metal cans in which are

carried a chemical mixture for spraying on to the vine, and incidentally bespattering with green the men's clothes and faces.

Although Riquewihr is the centre for the vines, there are many other towns and villages in this part of the Vosges that richly repay a visit. One of these is Munster.

To the world Munster is mainly known by its cheese, which is regarded as a special delicacy throughout Alsace, but it is a trifle strong for English taste. The town is at the foot of the Vosges, and at one time possessed special privileges and a Republican Constitution.

Her liberties were assailed by jealous neighbouring towns, and history relates a series of petty wars between Munster and Colmar. The struggles of the past appear to have made an impression on the people of the present, and Munster to-day contains a large proportion of Protestants, who maintain their religious beliefs with a tenacity that marks them as different to the inhabitants of other towns.

During the war Munster was very close to the front line, and the valley of the Fecht was the scene of violent fighting in 1914 and 1915. One unfortunate consequence has been the destruction of some of the more beautiful old houses in Munster, and the building of hotels and shops of a modern style that clash with the old town, but offer many facilities to the tourists on their way to excursions into the Vosges, notably up to Le Petit Ballon, and to the Terrace of Napoleon, a celebrated beauty spot in the mountains.

There are many routes to Munster, all of which are beautiful. One excursion runs through the valley of Heidenbach, where a walk may be enjoyed that

was one of the favourites of Voltaire when he lived in Alsace, from August 1753 to November 1754. It will be remembered that he quarrelled with the Emperor Frederick, and had to surrender to Potsdam his keys as Chamberlain and all his decorations. After this break with Germany he considered the possibility of making friends with France, and decided that Alsace would form a convenient half-way house, and also a quiet place where he might write a history of Germany, and thus fulfil a promise that he had made to the Duchess of Gotha. He had also business interests at Riquewihr, as nearly twenty years before he had lent large sums to the Duke of Würtemberg on the security of certain vineyards in that district. He therefore decided to be on the spot, and after staying for a few days at Luttenbach, he settled in humble lodgings at Colmar in a house in the Rue des Juifs that has now been converted into a chemist's shop. There, in spite of his sufferings from gout, he worked unceasingly at his book, and actually finished the history, which is not regarded as one of the best of his historical works, and also the drama *Orphelins de la Chine.* After that he left Alsace and went to Lyons, eventually settling in Switzerland.

Before the war historical societies at Colmar and Munster were proud of the local connection with Voltaire. But since the Armistice most Alsatians have been too occupied with the work of reconstruction to have time for inquiries into the biography of an eighteenth-century writer. For whether you take a road north, south, or west of Munster, you will discover how the war has ravaged the district, in which many of the little villages like Stosswihr and

Soultzeren were almost completely destroyed. Unlike the poor and cheap houses that have been erected in many other parts of France, the new houses that have been built since 1919 on the Vosges are solid and in good taste. Local architects wisely are keeping to the old Alsatian type of roof, with high gables, which keep the interior of the home cool during the summer heat, and from off which the snow slides easily during the winter.

One of the most popular excursions from Munster is to Hohneck, along a road from which a succession of long distance views can be obtained, passing by waterfalls, streams, and through fir forests. Early in the summer the white anemones and the yellow cowslips, which grow in profusion in the fields, add much to the beauty of this walk.

Not far from Hohneck is the Château Hartmann, where Napoleon III of France used to stay, and where later the Kaiser was a visitor. This house unfortunately suffered seriously during the war. In this region there are several lakes—the Lac Vert, over a thousand metres above sea-level, the Lac Blanc, and the Lac Noir. In some lights these lakes look so dark and deep that it is difficult to imagine why they were ever christened green or white. The Lac de Longemer, that can be seen on the road between Hohneck and Gérardmer, which lies in a little valley surrounded by trees, is much more green than the lakes that can be seen higher up in the hills.

As I motored and walked to several of the little towns snuggling under the Vosges, I became more and more impressed with the fact that Alsace is a patchwork of different civilizations and historical periods.

This is markedly noticeable in the town of St. Marie-aux-Mines, which is situated at the bottom of the valley of the Liepvrette below the Vosges. In the Middle Ages this river formed the frontier, and one side belonged to Alsace and the other to Lorraine. The inhabitants on the right bank spoke German, those on the left bank French, the stream, which is certainly not as large as the Isis, dividing two peoples who in religion, manners, and even costume, were entirely different, and remained so until the end of the eighteenth century, when the place was formed into one commune and the two distinct populations began to mingle and intermarry.

The traveller must not expect to find mines there, in spite of the name. In the ninth century there were silver, copper, arsenic, and lead mines, and when the Wars of the Roses were occupying the attention of the English, great blocks of silver were discovered, reputed to be the largest in the world. To-day, however, the chief occupation of the inhabitants is in the spinning mills. The manufacture of cotton goods was introduced from Mulhouse in 1764 and developed rapidly. At the present time the town resembles in some respects a mixture of Bath and Bolton; the hills have some similarity to the slopes of the Cotswolds; while the mills are as efficiently managed and are as well equipped with modern textile machinery as any in Lancashire. There is a spacious swimming bath, no less than three hospitals, a children's hospital, and numerous welfare centres and dispensaries, partly supported by the town and partly by local business interests.

Turckheim is another old town between Colmar and the Vosges. It is one of the ten free towns that

won their freedom during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by constant resistance to the barons and the bishops. The other nine who by force of arms became free are Colmar, Mulhouse, Munster, Kayserburg, Sélestat, Obernai, Rosheim, Haguenau, and Wissembourg. But although they won municipal liberty, they continued to fight amongst one another. Turckheim would probably have left no mark upon the pages of history if it had not been the scene of a celebrated battle gained by Turenne when it was at war with Colmar, a town so near at hand that to-day a resident of Turckheim would think nothing of running in on his car to Colmar in order to listen to the band in the square in the evening, and enjoy an ice at one of the gay restaurants with which this little town abounds.

In 1675 there was a celebrated battle at Turckheim, and the Imperial Army were forced to retreat in disorder to the other side of the Rhine, leaving sixteen hundred dead behind them. Hansi in his amusing history of Alsace depicts the withdrawal of the troops carrying away clocks and household furniture in the manner later copied by the ex-Crown Prince.

To-day it is a town of under three thousand inhabitants, with ancient fortifications, a quaint hotel known as the Three Keys, and gateways, surmounted with storks' nests, that cannot have changed much since the days when Turenne and his troops passed underneath. The town is dominated by a hill, the summit of which is reached by a stairway of more than four hundred steps, on which there was at one time a chapel that was destroyed by the Germans in 1914.

OLD GATEWAY AT TURCKHEIM

The visitor while in Turckheim should certainly try the local wine known as the " Blood of the Turk ". It is so-called because of its colour, and is much appreciated by experts.

The town is on a branch line that leads to the Trois Epis, which is one of the holiday resorts of the Alsatians, and therefore is mainly composed of hotels which are occupied by visitors in the winter as well as in the summer. For the village is situated 690 metres above sea-level, in the midst of spacious pine forests, with views overlooking valleys and hills for miles away, and from which there are many excursions. Winter sports can be enjoyed in the neighbourhood.

Trois Epis is also visited by pilgrims, for it is believed that the Virgin appeared to an inhabitant at the end of the fifteenth century, and this vision is commemorated by a convent and chapel that have been built here.

During the early part of the war the village was the scene of fierce fighting between German troops and a French infantry battalion. The story is still told of a French sharpshooter who himself shot twenty-eight Germans before he and his comrades were forced to retire. After that retreat this part of Alsace was held firmly in the occupation of the Kaiser until after the Armistice.

A little to the south Metzéral is reached, a village that was in the line, and was practically destroyed during the war. But to-day new buildings have arisen out of the ruins, and it is a centre for those who wish to visit the surrounding battlefields or make a pilgrimage to the cemeteries.

It is well that visitors should be warned in advance

not to expect, except in quiet backwaters in the Vosges, to see many native costumes. On special fêtes the picturesque native dress is worn by a few of the peasants, but in daily life unfortunately they prefer knitted jumpers. Small children are sometimes dressed in it for church on Sunday mornings, but only on special occasions, such as the visit of the President of the French Republic, are brought out of the family wardrobes various examples of the many varieties of dress.

Girls from the village of Geispolsheim wear a red dress and an apron of white lace, a silk bodice and a beautiful neckerchief thrown over their shoulders, which, with a scarlet headdress, forms a striking picture. Quite a different costume is worn in the outskirts of Obernai, chiefly in the communes of Krautergersheim and Meistratzheim. This is completed by a headdress of gold or silver material in the shape of a helmet, bordered with fine lace which encircles the head like a halo. At Oberseebach, a typical village in the Bas-Rhin, the women on fête days wear a black dress, and a far from becoming bonnet on their heads. Here the men wear the most picturesque dress—the large hat of olden days, the full short coat, and the grey trousers with a black band, which were the traditional costume of the people. A scarlet skirt and a headdress with large black silk wings are the well-known features of the most typical costume, but the colour of the skirt varies according to the religious denomination of the wearer, red for Catholics and green for Protestants.

These costumes can still be bought in the little shops of these small towns, and a girl's dress bought five years ago has proved to be a delightful

souvenir of Alsace at children's fancy-dress dances in England.

For those who are fond of walking and have a taste for archæology, Kayserberg is a good centre. It is on a slope of the Vosges, 242 metres above sea-level, and is surrounded with vineyards and forests. It is the chief town in the canton, and contains some 2,650 inhabitants. The history of this region dates from Roman days, for after the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar, who drove back the German troops to the other side of the Rhine, a castle was built here, to serve as a watch-tower, and also to protect the road that came from Vieux-Brisac and went on to Toul, crossing over the hills. On the same site stand to-day the remains of a château whose broken ruins can be seen projecting among the branches of the vines. This belonged up to the twelfth century to the Seigneurs of Horbourg, but in 1227 it was bought by Henri VII and fortified. Under his protection a little town was established, which in 1293 was given the rank of a military town by the Emperor Adolphus of Nassau. Among the 20,000 documents that are now carefully preserved in the Town Hall, after being catalogued by the local Archæological Society, there is preserved a map that bears witness to his Imperial patronage.

In 1345 Kayserberg contained the official residence of the Emperor's representative. Later, during the Thirty Years War, the château was besieged by the Swedes, and afterwards fell almost completely into ruins, which in 1899 became State property, and are therefore well cared for.

The following sonnet written by Marc Lenossos happily expresses its quaint atmosphere :—

"Grâce aux portails romans ou gothiques, datés,
Sous l'encorbellement des balcons centenaires,
Le poète, évoquant l'âme des vieilles pierres,
S'exalte à chaque pas dans l'antique Cité.

Le donjon crénelé, du temps des Ribeaupierre,
Subsiste parmi les vignobles réputés
Et le chemin de ronde où s'agrippe le lierre
Semble enserrer la ville, à la faire éclater.

Partout, le Temps Jadis a laissé son empreinte :
Sur les pignons, dans l'église aux sculptures peintes,
Au grand Christ douloureux, profondément humain.

Dans l'ossuaire où la poussière s'amoncelle,
A la Mairie aussi, sur les chartes que scellent
Des sceaux de cire vierge, au bas des parchemins."

The main street presents a succession of picturesque gable ends. The Town Hall dates from 1604, and is in the Renaissance style, with an inscription to denote that this was the official headquarters of the Emperor's representative. Upon the door may be seen the escutcheon of the town with this pious inscription :—

"Que Dieu protège l'entrée et la sortie ;
Qu'il soit loué et remercié à jamais."

The parish church was built at different epochs. The doorway dates from 1227. The two transepts and the choir were built in Gothic style during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is a curious group of sculpture in stone dating from 1514.

KAYSERBERG

The tower was constructed in 1827 of materials taken by the French out of the fortifications of the town.

The townsfolk are rightly proud of the many old houses which have remained unchanged for centuries. The original builders of these seem to have had a waggish turn, for there are many humorous inscriptions over the doorways. In the main street No. 16, for example, has the following inscription :—

> "Junges Blut spar dein Gut:
> Armut im alter wehe tut."

> "Sois économe dans ta jeunesse:
> Pauvreté fait mal dans la vieillesse."

The fountain of water, built in the Renaissance style in 1618, has an inscription giving characteristic advice that was popular in a country where good wine is cheap. The ancient words of the inscription may be thus translated :—

"When drinking water with your meals you chill your stomach. I advise you to drink in moderation a mild old wine and leave me at rest in my fountain."

On another delightful old house, dated 1592, where a very curious little museum has been established by the Archæological Society, an inscription may be found which has thus been turned into French :—

> "Les ronces et les épines piquent fort,
> Les mauvaises langues davantage,
> C'est pourquoi j'aimerai mieux tomber entre les ronces
> Que d'avoir à faire à de mauvaises langues."

It is surprising how few artists from England have yet discovered this untouched town, where the Middle Ages seem still to linger, and where craftsmen of past ages have allied with Mother Nature to make a place of charm and beauty.

CHAPTER XII

BY THE RHINE

"Malgré tous les efforts d'un siècle philosophique, les empires les plus civilisés seront toujours aussi près de la barbarie que le fer le plus poli l'est de la rouille."

RIVAROL

ONE of the most usual questions which a traveller is asked on his return from a journey in Alsace is, "Did you find the Alsatians anxious to return to the more efficient administration of Germany?"

I can only say that in spite of making every effort to talk with all sorts and conditions of men and women in the recovered province, I could find no trace whatsoever of any wish on the part of any member of the community to have any further personal experience of German bureaucracy. It is true that there are many complaints against certain aspects of French administration, notably high taxation, too many officials and anti-clericalism, but the following conversation is typical.

Answering the obvious question as to the difference between the conditions of life under Berlin and under Paris, my friend said :—

"We are free to-day. Up to 1918 we lived in a state of semi-slavery, governed by Prussians who had

not the same sense of humour as we Alsatians. So many of our little jokes were completely misunderstood. There was a Swiss at Mulhouse who one evening imbibed a little too freely, and insisted on the band in the café where he was enjoying himself playing the 'Marseillaise'. For that demonstration the machinery of the law was put in motion, and the whole department suffered.

"The Kaiser made a great fuss of the fact that Alsatian Deputies took their place in the Imperial Parliament, the Reichstag. Several of these Deputies, however, objected strongly to a large picture hung above the seat of the President, representing William I, Bismarck and Moltke riding on the battlefield of Sedan, while in the front of the picture there was depicted a German soldier carefully laying down a French flag so that the war-horse of the Emperor could trample on it. After protest this was removed. This was one insult that caused a good deal of exasperation among those Deputies who had never made any secret of their pro-French creed. But some of us business folk had many bones to pick. As you know, Monsieur, I am a wine-grower, with vineyards above Riquewihr, and our association found that our vintages from the Vosges, that are known to have a wonderful bouquet, were not being sold in Germany, and that wines from the Rhine and the Moselle were being pushed on every opportunity. A few of us decided that we would invite members of the Reichstag to a reception to taste our wine, and we placed at their disposal no less than 1,500 bottles. On the tables the bottles, with their gold helmets, were drawn up in thirty-two different battalions, as there were indeed thirty-two different vintages. We also provided music. The

function started at 8 p.m., and was attended by the Chancellor, the Secretary of State, members of the Federal Council, and the Deputies of all the groups, regardless of any partisan feelings. In all there were about 300 persons. They continued steadily drinking until four o'clock in the morning, when 1,400 bottles were emptied. As the wines contained between 10 and 11 per cent. of alcohol, miracles of good feeling were produced. Socialists hobnobbed with Princes, and Deputies in the early hours of the morning could be seen tenderly embracing trees on their way home in their efforts to stand up. In fact, the reception was a great success, but it did not bring about a single order either from those present or from the restaurant keepers of Berlin. We need the French to appreciate our wines!

"Apart from business we had a good deal of trouble under Germans because they gave so little opportunity to our young men to attain the higher positions. In 1904 the Minister of War from Berlin issued a regulation that 50 per cent. of the small official posts in Alsace-Lorraine were to be reserved for non-commissioned officers belonging to other confederated States. The object of this was in order to colonize Alsace with those of German race, but actually it meant that our young men had little chance to rise in the civil service.

"It was the same in the Army. Naturally all our young men were subject to conscription. In 1871 the mere threat of military service in the German Army led to the emigration of thousands of lads. For forty years after, in many Alsatian families, as soon as the sons came of military age it was the rule that they should stop in France in the French Army, although

it meant that in all probability the Germans would refuse them passports to re-enter. My nephew, who joined the French Army in 1912, on a given day of the year used to stand in a certain spot on the French side of the frontier where he could be seen by his mother, who had never met him since he joined up. During the war there were in the French Army no fewer than 150 Generals on active service who were natives of Alsace-Lorraine and had been given their chance in France.

"In certain cases, however, special efforts were made to win over Alsatians, as in the well-known case of a M. Gunzert, an Alsatian who allowed himself to be made a magistrate and was given numerous decorations; but as soon as he allowed himself to become chairman of a committee to support the raising of a monument to the memory of French soldiers who fell in 1870, he found himself suspected and insulted. At last, weary of German régime, he declared, 'It is impossible to be on good terms with these brutes.'

"You must remember that there were different periods during the years of annexation, and that for some years up to 1894 there existed what was known at the time as 'The cemetery peace,' due to persecution. Then, after that, the Alsatians became conscious of their rights, and there was a continuous agitation in the annexed provinces. Berlin retaliated, and actually at one time Alsatian tradesmen were forbidden to sell scent or tobacco or other goods with French labels upon them. Secret police reports and black lists were in force. During this period one or two newspapers and certain caricaturists like Hansi lost no opportunity of pointing out the difference between the customs and habits of Alsatians and

Germans. They were forbidden to proclaim 'Long live France', and therefore devoted their energies to repeating 'Down with German kultur'.

"I can give you many other examples of the oppression to which we were subjected up to 1918, but this may show you, Monsieur, something of what we had to put up with. Now we are free—free to express ourselves, and free to criticize Paris if we think fit. The fact that we do speak out is a sure proof of our present liberty."

The outlook for the future may be illustrated by another conversation that took place on the banks of the Rhine.

There is a pontoon bridge across the Rhine some fifteen miles south of Strasbourg. This was built by the Germans in 1916 in order to enable them to bring up reinforcements and supplies for their armies in the Vosges. Those who sit for an hour or two on the left bank waiting for the centre boats to be swung into position will learn a good deal more about the real state of mind of those who live on the frontier than is possible in London or in Paris. The delay is due to the fact that owing to the rapidity of the river at this point the bridge is only available for traffic at intervals in the morning and evening, for the boats would be quickly swept out of position if they were exposed continuously to the full force of the stream. Accordingly, during the greater part of the day and all night the central portion is left open, and the boats are only moved by means of wire hawsers into their place when the traffic has accumulated.

As a consequence there may often be found at this spot individuals from all parts of Alsace waiting to

cross over. Their conversations are a revelation of the fears and hopes of those who have to live in a frontier land, and who have, I find, very little faith in Leagues of Nations or in Pacts.

"The Bosch—he has not altered at all", said the farmer who was waiting to go over. "I see him every day. At heart he is the same as ever. We in France are peaceful people, but militarism impregnates all those who live on the other side."

The English inquirer asked blandly, "But surely Germany is bankrupt? Her marks have depreciated, and she is ruined. At least that is what we are told in London."

The Alsatians sitting on the bench, or lying on the grass, chuckled, and the Customs officer, whose duty it is to try to prevent smuggling at this peaceful spot, smiled broadly as he said, "If you think Germany is ruined, Monsieur, will you kindly explain to me how she has afforded to pay for that Customs house opposite on the right bank? Look at its size, its solidity, its magnificence—a symbol of the might of the German Republic, yet it has been erected in the past few months."

We looked across the swirling turgid river and saw on the other side a new building which might have been a town hall, with walls coloured a brilliant yellow, and roofed with tiles of discordant reds. This blot on the landscape had been erected below the ruins of a picturesque castle, where picnic parties of prosperous German tourists could be seen taking their ease. Not far away from the Customs house was a beer garden, well patronized.

"You cannot say, Monsieur", continued the officer, "that there is any lack of wealth over there. Take

my field-glasses and see for yourself how comfortable they are sitting enjoying their beer. While we here—why, there is not even a café within a kilometre! Look at our Customs house behind you—how small, how unpretentious, how modest! Yet even so small a building, commenced some six months before that Bosch monstrosity, cannot be finished because there is no money. The credits from Paris are exhausted, and we who have to watch here day and night have to live kilometres away, and have to cycle to and fro every day."

A man, who, judging from his luggage, was a commercial traveller, here joined in the conversation. "Yes, yes, and I tell you that scene yonder is characteristic. I have to travel a good deal in Germany, and I assure you that they are developing their railways and equipping their factories in a way that would be impossible in a ruined country. For myself, I do not fear the Germans as militarists, but as our commercial competitors. If only they had not been led away by the war party in 1914, Heaven help our trade to-day!"

The Englishman pricked up his ears at this, saying, "I am glad to hear you say that. I am afraid we are often very ignorant in London, but we certainly had an idea that on the whole Alsace was dealt with very kindly by the German Government. What is the truth?"

All the Alsatians sitting round protested. "Kindly!" said the fisherman. "I live at Mulhouse, where I work in a cotton mill, and have come here for my holiday. Let me tell you what happened to some friends of mine. The French troops during the first days of the war succeeded in obtaining a

footing in some of the suburbs of Mulhouse, but unfortunately they soon had to retire. On the 9th of August two sections of German infantry came back again to my part of the town. They flogged certain men and women whom they suspected of having been too friendly to the French troops. But this was only the raising of the curtain, for five days later they dragged out a friend of mine, a M. Schott, his family and his servants. They accused them of having fired from a window on the troops, and without delay shot several of the men. After that they compelled the women-folk and the children to look at the corpses as they lay covered with blood in order that the sight should never be forgotten. Do you think we can ever forget that kind of treatment ? "

" There are endless other examples of a similar kind," concluded the angler. The business man nodded his head, observing courteously to the Englishman, " You probably never heard of the executions and the barbaric ill-treatment given to Alsatians, especially in those parts of Alsace where the French troops were at first victorious. But this was only carrying out the aggressive policy that the German Government had adopted after 1909, as soon as they realized that there was strong recrudescence of pro-French feeling. Why, Hansi, the artist, was condemned to three months' imprisonment because he burnt a lump of sugar in a café where the name of Lieutenant Forstner had just been mentioned, in order to purify the air. You will remember, Monsieur, the name of Forstner in connection with the Zabern affair ? "

" Let me see ", replied the Englishman. " Zabern is the town that is now Saverne. I have a kind of

vague memory of reading something about the truculence of a German officer before the war. What happened ? "

"In October 1913 there was a sub-lieutenant of twenty years of age called the Baron von Forstner", explained the business man. "He offered a reward of ten marks to any German soldier in the barracks who would hurt one of the Alsatian recruits, whom he nicknamed 'Wackes', or 'cowards'. The offer quickly became known throughout the town, and the small boys, who in Alsace as elsewhere are gifted with malicious wit, made insulting remarks about Lieutenant Forstner as he passed in the street. They also shouted to each other, 'What are you worth ?' and the other would reply, 'About ten marks, according to him', pointing contemptuously at the Lieutenant, and other personal and insulting jibes. This raillery was too much for the German officers, who in order to protect Forstner against the insults of the people sent him out under the escort of eight privates. Feeling ran high, and the Colonel of the regiment decided as a precautionary measure to serve out ball cartridges to the troops. Forthwith a very trivial affair became serious as the news of the whole matter spread. Questions were asked in the Reichstag as to what was to be done to protect Alsatian recruits against German officers, and in reply General von Falkenhayn in a tactless speech defended Forstner and attacked Alsace. But in Saverne itself the gamins regarded it as a new kind of game to make fun of the German officers, and the grown-ups looked on. In retaliation one evening the Colonel arrested twenty-nine persons and imprisoned them for the night in a damp cellar under the barracks. The following day strong com-

plaints were made to the local magistrates against this high-handed proceeding, and when they protested, four of the magistrates were arrested by the soldiers. Thus the whole question became a complication between the German civil and military authorities, and for several days in the Reichstag Bethmann-Hollweg had to make out the best case he could in reply; but he took care that Forstner and the 99th Regiment of Infantry should be ordered to leave Saverne. Unfortunately, as they were marching away, in a village about eight kilometres off, a cripple made some insulting remark to Forstner, who immediately drew out his sword and injured the man seriously. Eventually there was a court martial, but both the Colonel and Forstner were let off. The whole affair led to a political crisis, the resignation of the local Government at Strasbourg, and the introduction of more Prussian officials.

"This instance proved the mentality of Germany towards us at the outbreak of the war, and we do not quickly forget it."

"I am most interested to hear the whole story", said the Englishman; "but surely things have altered since the war?"

"I can only say that all the information received from my friends on the other side of the Rhine goes to show that we cannot be sure that Germany is no longer manufacturing guns and ammunition secretly, and is not under the guise of so-called police continuing to train military troops. We here feel that in twenty or thirty years they may again try to grab this rich land. I agree with Senator Taufflieb, that France must be in a position to prevent a new war at all costs, and only by maintaining our right arm strong

can we hope to convince Germany on the other side of that river of the folly of their hopes of revenge."

I give this conversation, although it has rather a savage note. It echoes, however, the sentiments of many with whom I spoke, and who find it difficult to forget their injuries, even if they are ready to forgive their enemies.

While travelling in Alsace, that is full of these war memories and heavy with suspicions for the future, it is impossible not to long in all sincerity that the statesmen of Europe will in this generation carry through some means of terminating this deep-seated feud between Teuton and Gaul. The agreement reached at Locarno has a repercussion upon Alsace, for under the Western Pact the Reich, not under compulsion as at Versailles, but of its own initiative, has finally conceded Alsace-Lorraine to the French Republic. It has been well said that morally this renunciation was difficult, but practically it represented sound sense. All who know Germany or France to-day will hope that such a settlement will be accepted in the spirit as well as in the letter by the rising generations in both countries, so that England, France and Germany may co-operate for a European Renaissance.

CHAPTER XIII

MULHOUSE

> "Wha does the utmost that he can
> Will whyles do mair."
>
> BURNS

TO the traveller who has only a few hours to spare, Mulhouse is certainly the least attractive town in Alsace. Even when I saw it in 1917 from a French observation post on the Vosges, the town was smothered in a cloud of smoke as thick as that which daily hangs over the industrial towns of South Lancashire. When after the war I walked along its streets with the rain beating down, passing by the shops, that looked rather depressing and shabby, my fellow wayfarer and I said in the same breath, "How like Wigan!" The Lancashire colliery town may be rather insulted by the comparison, for some of her shops that cater for a Lancashire population are far more pretentious than those of Mulhouse.

This first impression of an important industrial town that has a population of over 100,000 is natural, for in every country the Industrial Revolution, bringing with it smoke and grime and the extremes of wealth and poverty, has too often blotted out beauty. A

commercial town is apt to wear its own particular dingy uniform whatever the nationality.

But if the visitor looks below the surface, and searches in by-ways, he will quickly find that Mulhouse is in truth one of the most interesting places in Europe. It dates from 717 B.C., when a mill on an island first began to be surrounded by a few houses. Out of such small beginnings has grown a business centre that rivals Lancashire in the quality of its textile manufactures and is one of our most serious competitors in continental markets.

In the eleventh century the little island community had grown to be so wealthy that the Bishops of Strasbourg were envious, and wished to acquire it as one of their possessions. But the inhabitants were as pugnacious then as they proved to be after 1870, during the forty-four years of German occupation, and by the thirteenth century Mulhouse was fortified, had received the title of an Imperial Town, and had won special privileges. Eventually in the fifteenth century the attacks of the Armagnacs and of the soldiers of Charles the Bold, followed by the constant attempts of local nobles to gain possession of the wealth of the town, compelled the citizens to look for support elsewhere, and they turned to Switzerland, which was the neighbouring country only a few miles away. Mulhouse accordingly became part of the Swiss Confederation, and agreed to supply recruits for the French kings on the same basis of population as the other Swiss Cantons.

After the Revolution Mulhouse solemnly voted to be attached to France. Such names as those of Samuel Koechlin, Jean Dollfus, and Jacques Schmaltzer are well known in the world's history of the textile

industry. They experimented in the art of printing designs on cotton, and the exhibits of some of the mills that they founded over a century ago, shown at the Exhibition of Decorative Art in Paris in 1925, prove that for rich colouring and original design their products are now among the foremost in the world. To-day the Art Schools in Mulhouse have reached a very high standard of efficiency.

There is a museum in which there are some good examples of modern French art, and a few ancient buildings still survive; but the Town Hall, built in 1552 and decorated with curious mural paintings, is the only one of any serious importance. Occasional romantic towers still raising their heads above the remains of a fourteenth-century rampart, and a few narrow twisting streets, are all that remain of the past. Mulhouse to-day in its outskirts presents a good illustration of efficient town planning for which we have to thank the Germans, but also there is, unfortunately, one atrociously massive Protestant church built under Teutonic influence. During the alliance with Switzerland, Protestantism gained a firm hold in Mulhouse. Montaigne stayed there at the end of the sixteenth century, and in the memoirs left by his secretary there is a note about the town, describing it as "a pretty little Swiss town in the Canton of Bale". He describes a visit to a church from which the altars and images had been removed "in order to suit the new religious faith of the people"!

The whole character of the inhabitants is strongly independent. They are republican and democratic, with a certain tolerance towards other faiths and political beliefs. But all the modern life of the place

centres round the textile industry, which was founded by men who learnt spinning and weaving in Swiss factories, in some cases from Huguenots who fled away from France after the Edict of Nantes. Swiss bankers lent the capital for establishing Mulhouse's industrial fortunes, while Napoleon I opened out to these pioneers the markets of Europe. They seized these in many cases from English firms who were unable to deliver the goods overseas owing to the continental blockade. As the demand grew, spinning and weaving mills increased in number, in spite of the fact that the town was so far away from sea-ports and from Paris, the principal marketing centre of Europe. At that time there was no canal from the Rhone to the Rhine and no railways, but in spite of all these handicaps local manufacturers banded together in order to keep customers whom they had won during the unrest of the Napoleonic wars. Out of funds to which each firm subscribed, schools were founded, laboratories were opened, and scientific research in all directions was encouraged. During those days the Art School of Design, the Chemistry School, and Schools for Spinning and Weaving were established Not content with these direct methods of educating those who were working, or in the future would be employed, in local mills, these far-sighted manufacturers decided to found a museum and a picture gallery. In the one was collected the furniture, flags, portraits, china, pottery, and costumes of the country, while in the other typical paintings of contemporary French artists were exhibited. In this way they raised the whole intellectual standard of Mulhouse, whose exports continued to increase in spite of natural difficulties.

Those who are inclined to be pessimistic over the present state of post-war industry might well learn something from studying how the captains of industry in Mulhouse set to work to establish their fortunes at a time when Napoleon Bonaparte was marching to and fro across Europe, and how they had the foresight to recognize that by spending money on research and equipment they would be able to gain a footing and to keep a hold in new markets.

After the Napoleonic wars these men founded the Industrial Association of Mulhouse with the object of fostering and consolidating the welfare, the health, and the education of the working people of the town. In spite of constant interference by the German administration after 1871, the Society continued its work, and it is remarkable to remember that during the forty-four years of occupation the monthly bulletins were always published in French, and that this language alone was used at the meetings and lectures of the Association.

After the war it redoubled its activity, and to-day there are over a thousand members. Among other institutions that were actually created, or are now carried on under its direction, are the school of chemistry, the school of weaving and spinning, a commercial school that was opened in 1920, the school for those who have to undertake supervision in the mines, and also a technical school for apprentices. The needs of the girls of the town are not forgotten either, and there is a special school for those who wish to earn their own living at shorthand, typewriting, design or decoration.

There are in all five museums established by this Society, for industrial design, pictures, natural history,

historical records, and technology. In addition to the housing schemes and dispensaries that may be found to-day in almost any progressive industrial community, there are several novel institutions. One of these is called "Bric-à-brac". Here old clothes, furniture, and other oddments are sold at a low price to persons in need. This continuous jumble sale brings in a steady annual income that is used to support various benevolent funds in the city.

There is good reason to believe that national insurance, introduced into Great Britain by Mr. Lloyd George, had its birth in Mulhouse, and not in Germany. For in the year 1850 these same employers formed funds to which they themselves subscribed, and to which their employees contributed regularly, out of which weekly payments were given to those who were ill or who met with an accident. After the occupation of Alsace by Germany this organization was quickly copied and extended, and to-day it is proudly claimed that Mulhouse was the birthplace of the insurance system that now exists in Great Britain, in Portugal, Italy, Poland, Roumania, Luxembourg, Sweden and Japan. France herself has been so much impressed by the good results of the Alsatian system that it is to be extended throughout the whole country.

An amusing indication of the interest in England shown by the people in Mulhouse was found in a copy of a local newspaper that I bought at the railway station. On a back page there were two columns giving a fair translation of *Jane Eyre*, ascribed to "Currer Bell". There was no mention of Charlotte Brontë's authorship, nor an explanation of her identity with "Currer Bell".

In Mulhouse and the surrounding district there are

many points of analogy with Lancashire, for great cotton mills and textile factories for wool and silk are numerous, and around them cluster the subsidiary textile industries, such as dyeing and printing. Lancashire is in fact united by many ties of both interest and friendship with this part of Alsace. One, for example, at Kingersheim, near Mulhouse, was founded in 1900 by an English company, for bleaching, dyeing and glazing. During the war the factory was put under special German authority as English property, and continued to work until 1917, when the German authorities said that it was necessary, in order to protect the machinery, to remove the engines and the greater part of the equipment to the right bank of the Rhine. Fortunately in this case it was possible to regain a large part of the apparatus after the war.

Another interesting part of Mulhouse that may easily escape the notice of the chance visitor is the scheme for working-men's houses in the suburbs of the town. Over seventy years ago a local manufacturer, Jean Dollfus, to whom I have already referred, first had the idea of a workman's city, and in the north of the town may be found houses which at the time set a standard unknown in any other part of Europe, for there was a garden to each house, and central baths and bakeries were built near at hand. The open lay-out, so dear to the heart of Dr. Raymond Unwin and modern town-planners, was adopted there in the middle of the Victorian era.

The managing director of a group of mills in Mulhouse told me that in his opinion Great Britain had three methods before her if she was to recover her trade prosperity. First she must modernize her equipment

in old-fashioned mills; secondly, increase the number of hours worked; and thirdly, British trade unionists should persuade their international "comrades" to adhere to decisions made with great pomp and ceremony at International Congresses!

He explained that in his group of mills hours of labour had been nominally fixed, after the leaders of local trade unions were supposed to have met the labour leaders of the textile industry in Lancashire, but he added:

"No one here would dream of keeping to an eight-hour day. The workpeople themselves would be the first to object, as it would mean reducing their weekly earnings. From the management point of view we naturally find that by keeping our textile machinery at work for longer hours we reduce our overhead charges, and therefore are able to undercut you in the markets of the world that you formerly held. I know from my visits to Bolton and Rochdale that in some cases the equipment is out of date, but we could not possibly hope to maintain our present prosperity if we had to keep expensive machinery running on comparatively short hours. The sooner your workpeople realize this, the better for your trade. In my case, if I were a Labour leader, I should suggest a crusade in Belgium and France and Germany in order to try and convert our workpeople to carrying out British conditions of labour."

The mill manager laughed and continued:

"If your MacDonalds and Snowdens would spend a few days in our mills instead of imagining that they understand foreign conditions because they make speeches and are applauded at International Congresses, there would be more hope of your workpeople realizing

what they are against in an impoverished Europe facing world competition."

I suggested to him that already a section of the Labour Party in England had expressed themselves publicly in favour of some form of protection in order to keep out goods manufactured under sweated conditions. He replied:

"I am glad that at last they are showing that much sense, but if you will allow me to say so, speaking as a man who has spent his life manufacturing flannel, I think in England in some of your establishments your methods are those of the Victorian era. I have met, for example, mill managers and others who do not appreciate how in this country we have harnessed the water power in order to provide cheap electricity to work our mills."

After this conversation I went into a shop and inspected some flannel. It was possible (even allowing for the present rate of exchange) to buy retail a piece of flannel at a lower price than Lancashire manufacturers are able to obtain for selling it wholesale to shipping agents in the city.

The traveller in search of beauty, after reading this chapter, will probably give Mulhouse a wide berth. If he is interested, however, in social questions, and in the relation of modern industry to the conditions of the manual labourer and the skilled artisan, he will find this city a mint of ideas.

It must not be assumed, moreover, that Mulhouse is simply devoted to making money. The lighter side of art is encouraged, and apparently all the mandolinists of Europe gathered there about the time I visited the town in order to take part in a *concours* of mandolins! The gourmet can also be sure of first-

class cooking, for the commercial men who visit Mulhouse demand the best of food and drink.

But personally I was not at all sorry to see Mulhouse and its smoke left behind as we made our way westwards towards Thann, with all its memories and its picturesque setting in the Vosges.

CHAPTER XIV

AROUND THANN

"Cette verrière a vu dames et hauts barons
Etincelants d'azur, d'or, de flamme et de nacre,
Incliner, sous la dextre auguste qui consacre,
L'orgueil de leurs cimiers et de leurs chaperons ;

Lorsqu'ils allaient, au bruit du cor ou des clairons,
Ayant le glaive au poing, le gerfaut ou le sacre,
Vers la plaine ou le bois, Byzance ou Saint-Jean d'Acre,
Partir pour la croisade ou le vol des hérons.

Aujourd'hui, les seigneurs auprès des châtelaines,
Avec le lévrier à leurs longues poulaines,
S'allongent aux carreaux de marbre blanc et noir ;

Ils gisent là sans voix, sans geste et sans ouïe,
Et de leurs yeux de pierre ils regardent sans voir
La rose du vitrail toujours épanouie."

HEREDIA

THANN is a little town in the south-west of Alsace lying under a fold of the Vosges. It still seems to be numbed by its war experiences, as the streets are uncannily quiet and the inhabitants subdued. It is not generally realized how severely this part of France suffered. There are 220 cemeteries, with 16,000 graves in the Department of the Haut-

Rhin alone, and Thann was the centre of ferocious fighting, signs of which are only too visible still around Cernay, where some of the trenches—seven years after—are not yet filled up. It will be remembered that the two armies of Lorraine, under Generals Castelnau and Dubail, tried to carry war into the enemy's country early in August 1914, and that this movement was covered by operations starting from Belfort in the direction of Mulhouse and the Rhine. Cernay and Thann were reached without difficulty. The Germans retreated from Mulhouse towards the forest of Harth without even leaving outposts in front of the town.

During this period certain of the French troops advanced, while they fought, as much as fifty-five kilometres in one day ; but the German General Staff was quickly informed by spies as well as through intelligence received from the air service that the number of French soldiers was very small indeed, and they ordered up reinforcements, who, in the counter-attack, drove back the French to a line in front of Cernay. During this early period of the fighting there are many instances that are still vividly remembered of German brutality shown to the Alsatian inhabitants.

But the French High Command, possibly too much influenced by sentiment, decided to attack again, and an Army of Alsace was formed. To this was given the task, not only of recapturing the land that was lost, but also of retaining as many of the German troops as possible in the district, and so preparing eventually for an offensive towards the Rhine. By the 18th of August much of the land given up had been regained, and fighting even took place in the streets of Dornach.

The French continued to be victorious, and captured 3,000 prisoners and 24 guns, but the events in the north of France and in the Ardennes, where nothing apparently could stop the advancing tide of the German Army, unfortunately made it necessary to withdraw the Army of Alsace, in order that the troops should be available to take part in the battle of the Marne, and so save Paris from capture. Therefore they departed, abandoning almost the whole of Alsace, with the exception of a strip including Thann and other small towns and villages.

In the winter trench warfare commenced along the lines that may still be followed, crossing the ridges of some of the highest hills in the Vosges, by the crest of the Grand Ballon of Guebwiller, then down into the valley of Thann, and passing between Dannemarie and Altkirch, until the trenches finally came to an end on the Swiss frontier.

The most dangerous spot was on the summit of Hartmannswillerkopf. Both sides were desperately anxious to retain this natural observatory. One December night in 1914 a section of the Chasseurs under Lieutenant Canavy was here surrounded by German troops. A brigade advanced to their rescue, but the snow was deep, the winter days all too short, and as enemy barbed wire had already been placed in position among the woods, the French artillery were only able to move forward very slowly. For four days and nights the bugle call of the surrounded men could be heard in the distance faintly blowing like Rowland's horn. But on the morning of the fourth day it was heard no longer. The lieutenant in command was dead, and out of twenty-eight men only twelve survived, to whom the Germans allowed the well-deserved

honour of keeping their rifles and marching away to a prison camp not disarmed.

The French decided to avenge their loss and to retake the crest, although conditions for fighting in mid-winter on the top of a mountain on which there were no roads would appear to be beyond human endurance. Guns were dragged up by bullocks, and many of the troops used skis in order to attack. After seventy-five days of continued fighting, four battalions of infantry of the Chasseurs Alpins had defeated ten German infantry regiments and two dismounted cavalry regiments, and so obtained possession of the Hartmann.

When I reached this tragic spot in 1917 the whole of the peak of the mountain for many yards around was bare of trees. Every section of the roads leading through the woods that might possibly be exposed to the view of enemy sharp-shooters or observers in balloons was skilfully camouflaged by canvas screens covered with branches of trees. The troops lived in wooden huts roughly constructed of timber cut down in the forest, and thus, except for the white peak, this mountain from a distance seemed to be covered with peaceful forests. But under cover of the trees an almost incessant activity and conflict raged.

Down in Thann, although it was very close to the front line, there was a curious calm. Many of the houses were injured in the early fighting, but after that both sides took care not to injure too much the towns on the other side of the line. The Germans, hoping that Thann before long would be regained, carefully instructed those in command of their batteries that not a shell was to fall within its precincts, while the French, buoyed up by similar

hopes, gave exactly the same orders with regard to Mulhouse and other centres. As a consequence Thann, which if it had been in the British zone would have been evacuated years before, and by 1917 would have been in the same state of ruins as Ypres, which in point of fact was farther away from the front line than Thann, was almost untouched by war. The inhabitants carried on their usual occupations.

One of the principal citizens kindly offered to entertain me in his house, where I much appreciated the luxury of sleeping between sheets and having an electric lamp by my bedside. As we enjoyed a nightcap of sweet syrup in his library before turning in, he said, "Should there be any shelling during the night, if you make your way through this door, you will reach the cellars, where you will find a bed waiting for you. I have made arrangements for sleeping accommodation for all my household close to my wine cellars, which are many feet below the surface, and are well protected. But we have had no shell fire here for many months, and therefore I trust that your rest will be undisturbed." The next morning when I went out to the line I discovered that it was almost as close as Hell Fire Corner to Vlamertinghe.

I often saw in French dugouts in the line, or nailed up in their wooden huts, a drawing of an Alsatian girl in the arms of a French soldier. On the ground beside them was a fallen frontier post marked with the words *Deutsches Reich.* The artist, M. Georges Scott, wrote underneath the drawing the one word *Enfin,* which summed up exactly the strong passion of these early days. That was over seven years ago, and we all would forget those sad days. Let the story

THE SORCERER'S TOWER AT THANN

of one of the post-war generation illustrate how a young Alsatian views life as it is to-day.

André is now twenty-five years of age. He spends his days in a store in a picturesque old town in southern Alsace, where an Englishman is still so much of a novelty that the inhabitants turn round to look at one when he happens to arrive. Judge then of our surprise on entering a china store in this town where the English are so rare to find that André, who served us, could speak comprehensible English, although his opportunities of practice were extremely limited. He explained that he had been at school when the war started, and that his German teachers immediately stopped teaching any French, and increased the number of hours per week devoted to the study of English. He was reluctant to say much about the sufferings of his family during the war.

André's face lit up when he spoke of the change to French administration. After the Armistice some open ground near the fortifications that still exist round part of the town was given over to football, a game at which he rapidly became adept. When his time came for service in the French Army his reputation as a footballer was widespread in the district, and eventually, to the great joy of his friends, he was selected to play for the French Army against the British Army in London. He spoke with the utmost warmth of his visit to England, and was prepared to take any amount of trouble in order to show kindness to his English customers. We spent an hour and a half selecting china, painted with delightful Alsatian pictures. When the question arose of packing a dinner set and carrying it back to England, he said that not long ago he had packed a crate full

and sent it to Singapore, where it had arrived without a single plate being broken. It was then late in the day, but he declared that as he was always up soon after five in the morning he would be delighted to carry the crate round on his back to the house where we were staying, and deliver it before eight a.m., so as to be in time for an early start. These details may be trivial, but his readiness to work and to oblige are characteristic.

Within an easy motor run from Thann is Guebwiller, a busy industrial town set on the banks of the Lauch at the entry to a valley leading into the Vosges. Like the neighbouring towns, once upon a time it was fortified, and was the scene of numerous combats during the pugnacious Middle Ages.

The inhabitants possess initiative and originality, and after the French Revolution they decided to give up fighting with swords and muskets and devote themselves to the arts of peace and moneymaking. This industrial prosperity commenced at the very beginning of the nineteenth century, for a silk mill was founded there in 1804 and a cotton mill in 1808. The place became more and more prosperous until 1870, when after the Treaty of Frankfort the mill-owners had to reorganize their mills and look out for new customers. They were successful in their search, and on the whole industry prospered.

After the Armistice the sons and grandsons of the men who in 1870 had continued to manage their businesses so successfully set to work to build up again on the ruins, and to-day some of the mills in the district are as well equipped, as efficiently managed, and as well served by workmen who are prepared to work long hours, as any in the world. Electricity

has been pressed into the service of reconstruction, and the majority of the factories, many of the potash mines, and almost all the streets are served by electricity, manufactured centrally. The current from this electrical station is utilized not only in the mills but on the farms, and even in the vineyards for pressing out the grapes.

The town itself is not so interesting as some of the more unspoilt villages in the Vosges, although there are several ancient churches and curious sixteenth-century houses. Three churches in particular have an architectural interest. The Church of the Dominicans was built in the fourteenth century on the same plan as the Dominican Church at Colmar. It has been converted into a *Halle*, where vegetables and fish are sold by day and concerts given at night. The frescoes that once were painted on the walls have been unfortunately allowed to perish without apparently any care being taken for their preservation. The Church of St. Léger was built in the twelfth century in Roman style with three towers. The third church is of a much later date, built some time in the late eighteenth century by the Abbot of Murbach, in the style of architecture known as Jesuit, and thus in their three churches the natives of Guebwiller can study three different styles of ecclesiastical architecture.

Along the road to Guebwiller are a number of beauty spots, among them being the waterfalls of Kaltenbach and the ruins of the Château of Freundstein. Many stories are told about this château, some of which have become legendary and find a place in local ballads. One is sufficiently curious to be worth repeating, using some of the phrases in which it was told in a book two hundred years ago.

A certain noble chieftain, by name Geroldseck, was desperately in love with the daughter of Waldner, who lived in the Château of Freundstein. She loved, however, one of her father's pages, a child of the family of Ribeaupierre, who was ignored by his family on account of the illegitimate birth of his mother. The Master of Freundstein, while very naturally objecting to the suggestion that she should marry his page, was also prepared to allow his daughter to refuse the offer of Geroldseck. The chief in consequence was furious, and, putting on his heavy armour, placed himself at the head of his warriors and besieged Freundstein. The attack was fiercely pressed, and in spite of the resistance they broke through the outer walls and drove the garrison into the inner donjon.

The Lord of Waldner then went to find his daughter.

"Will you fall into his hands?" said he, showing her the enemy below.

"I would sooner die, my father, a thousand times."

"Then put on your betrothal veil, come with me, and show everyone that you know how to die a Waldner."

At this supreme moment the young heroine thought of the page she loved, and of the impossibility of ever uniting her fate to that of a disinherited and unrecognized child.

"You are right, my father. Let us be worthy of our ancestors until the end."

Guessing what he was meditating, she followed him without hesitation. The time was slipping by. One moment more and they would fall into the hands of the conqueror. As the page stood by the old cavalier's horse, the young girl held his hand.

"I am going to die so as to remain worthy of our

love. That is impossible on earth, but we shall meet above," she said, as she mounted the horse behind her father.

" I follow you, madam. My lord and master never goes without his page."

Waldner urged his horse up to the slope to the top of the battlements, and there met the triumphant Geroldseck.

" Give me your daughter, Waldner ! " he cried.

" Here she is ! " replied the father, and spurred on his horse. Startled by the sudden pain, it leapt over the ramparts and the three crashed down. Geroldseck, suddenly seized with giddiness at the sight, dropped his reins and followed her whom he had lost. Their bodies, smashed in pieces, lay near each other. The poor page had not been so fortunate, for an arrow slew him behind his master's horse. So, as the old chronicle relates, " he reached heaven before his adored lady ".

CHAPTER XV

WAYSIDE CONVERSATIONS

"Life holds not an hour that is better to live in: the past is a tale that is told,
The future a sun-flecked shadow, alive and asleep, with a blessing in store."

SWINBURNE

AS I read some travel books I become more and more surprised at the bland dogmatism of the Briton abroad, as he pronounces his judgments upon a foreign country. I bow in admiration before the self-confidence that enables some writers to understand a nation with a different language, different traditions, different outlook, and possibly a different code of morals and social convention. I find that the more I study Alsatian history and meet the inhabitants of this country, the more delicate and difficult is my task of trying to interpret in the English language the true significance of all that is happening to-day between the Rhine and the Vosges. A nation, like an individual, is complex, and is composed of good and bad points.

Accordingly, instead of offering dogmatic opinions, I will give a summary of some conversations on different topics that are at present agitating Alsace.

One of the most serious of these questions is that of taxation, which is intimately bound up in the whole question of war debts. On the one side there are some who urge that France is not sufficiently heavily taxed, and that even the taxes already imposed are not paid. On this point it may be acknowledged that French income tax is not collected with the same ruthlessly efficient speed which marks the activities of the collectors of taxes in Great Britain. Critics are apt to forget that, like most continental countries, France is more accustomed to indirect rather than to direct taxes, and that the income tax for which M. Caillaux was responsible has always been particularly unpopular among the peasants of France.

Whatever may be the truth as to which is the most heavily taxed nation in the world, it is certain that Alsace is carrying far and away the weightiest burden in France. While recognizing how difficult it is to make any fair comparison between taxation in countries that have a different basis of valuation, it certainly came as a surprise to me to learn that on the average an Alsatian householder living in a town pays from two and a half to three times more in local taxation than householders in the rest of France. An authority on the subject whom I questioned on this remarkable fact explained the position to me in the following words :—

" There are three essential reasons why the financial needs of the Departments that have been recovered from Germany are far and away greater than those of France. There is first the difference of legislation ; then the difference in municipal conditions ; and finally the expenses of the war. Alsace is weighted down by a museum of legislative measures. Her

Statute Book is a medley of laws compared with which your English system is mere child's play. We have three strata of national laws, those dating from the era of Napoleon up to 1870; those passed in Berlin; and those imposed upon us by our local Parliament. Our local finance is similarly a complex skein of different forms of contributions. As the years have passed by and the country has been passed like a tennis-ball projected over the net from France to Germany, and then back again, the financial administration has become more ravelled. I have read in your English papers something of the difficulties of your Poor Law system. Well, just as I understand your system of guardians and outdoor relief under which there is much overlapping needing simplifying, so our local finances badly need unravelling.

"But the tangle of legislation is not the only reason why local taxation is heavier in Alsace than in the other French Departments. Another reason is the freedom that has always been given to Alsatian municipalities. An essential of French administration is the maintenance of large departments of State filled with small officials, who exercise control and tie everything up in what you English call 'red tape'. If you have read any of the stories of Maupassant, you will know how prominent a part the petty bureaucrat plays in them. But the cities of Alsace have been comparatively free from central control. Financially they have been independent. The larger their population, the freer they have been.

"The Alsatian councils before the war embarked on numerous projects. The building of the Port of Strasbourg, a municipal electric light station at Mul-

house, and many other examples could be given to illustrate the immense activity of our local authorities before the war. As a result, only to-day I heard you speak, Monsieur, of the open lay-out, the clean streets, the admirable sanitation, the absence of filthy factory smoke in this city of Strasbourg. We are proud of our town, and think that France has good reason to be proud of it too. But at the same time the cost has been heavy. In some cases the capital necessary to carry out these public works had to be borrowed, and now we are paying heavily in interest. There is to-day an economy wave in consequence passing over many of our councils which makes them cut down all unnecessary or fancy expenditure and avoid all costly new developments. The arrears of debts in many cases are a burden, and the loans raised before the war increase the local taxation in a way that cannot possibly be avoided. There are some of us who think that the Government of France ought to bear a large part of the burden of these debts, for we know that the German Republic has acted generously to her own municipalities that borrowed in the past, and find the load almost impossible to bear to-day. Surely Paris, which has become the heir of these marvellous assets of Alsace and Lorraine, will not be less generous than Berlin.

"The third reason for the heavy taxation of Alsace is the expense that accrued during the war. There were many municipal charges that were imposed at that time either under the inspiration or at the actual orders of the German Government. We had to raise special funds for the soldiers. We had to help the needy. We distributed wines and food at certain times. Efforts were made to assist expectant mothers

and to protect infants during the critical period of the war, so that the new generation should not suffer too much. These and a hundred other war charges were forced upon our Alsatian municipalities.

"Do not think that I am complaining. Far from it. But I wish you, as an English observer, to know how we are placed here in Alsace. I know how difficult it is for France to balance her budget, and that she has already acted most generously towards this country. I know how her Exchequer has been deprived of large amounts of money from those ten large Departments that were devastated during the war, and before 1914 used to pay over one-fifth of the total taxation levied on the whole country. At the same time I insist—and in this I am sure I speak for the majority of thinking persons in Alsace—that it is essential for our local taxation system to be reformed. We cannot continue much longer bearing such an unequal burden. I of course know that part of our extra contributions goes towards the social reform measures that we owe to Germany. We have a pension system. We have insurance against sickness and unemployment. I shall not forget that on this point M. Alexandre Millerand, the first High Commissioner at Strasbourg, stated shortly after he arrived in that city that there were valuable lessons to be learned from our social reform system that would benefit the general legislation of France. We have of course to pay for such extra benefits as we receive.

"At the same time the present situation cannot be allowed to continue without doing damage to both Alsace and to France. The appointment of a Commission, constituted of men who are specially competent to investigate this whole question of the local

finance of Alsace, is opportune. They have set to work upon the problem in a logical fashion, and we all await the solutions that they will propose in order to simplify and reduce our local taxation."

* * * * *

The keen business instinct reflected in this conversation regarding the taxation paid by householders in Alsace, who hope somewhat vainly to draw on the purse in Paris for State assistance, is similarly shown in an amusing talk that I had with a humorous landowner. He occupies a comfortable house, and since his retirement from the Army spends most of the winter in Paris or on the Riviera, and during the summer attends to his country estate. He was telling me something of the keen brain and aptitude for figures shown by some of the local village people, and as an illustration told me the following story. He may of course have been indulging in the pastime of trying to pull the leg of an Englishman, for I have a suspicion that stories on very much the same lines are told in Provence, but at all events his conversation has a touch of the wit that is so characteristic of this country.

"Ah! some of the peasants round here are cute fellows," he said. "Alphonse, who has a small holding on the hills up there, when he was a young man, went before the war to one of the men who settled upon the land after 1870. This amateur farmer from Germany was rather pompous, and rather fancied himself as being able to drive a good bargain. The peasant, with an ingenuity that should appeal to any mathematician, had a very simple expression on his face when he said that he was prepared to hire

himself out at the rate of one grain of wheat for his work on the first day, but this should be doubled on the second day, and then doubled on each succeeding day. The farmer, who was not an arithmetician, and had apparently no experience of this old problem, came to the conclusion that he was dealing with a fool and agreed.

"At the end of a few weeks he learnt his folly. For when the grains were counted up even for a few days' work it became obvious that the ingenuous peasant had made a good bargain. If you work out the sum on the basis that each litre contains 70,000 grains, you will find that this peasant at the end of about a fortnight had earned one litre of corn. At the end of twenty-three days there was due to him a sack containing a hundred litres, while at the end of forty days the farmer owed him upwards of four million sacks!

"The matter caused a great sensation at the time, for a wily lawyer in the district got wind of it, and brought the peasant's case before the Juge de Paix. It was impossible to find a loophole in the contract, and the farmer was glad to get off by squaring the peasant with a good round sum."

Another man who had listened in silence to this story here broke in, and told us of a similar instance that occurred, so he said, in another part of Alsace.

"There was a farmer in my district who went to market one day with his turkeys, just about Christmas time. A great deal of red wine was consumed over *déjeuner*, and in the course of the post-prandial proceedings the farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, announced to the company assembled in the restaurant

that he was ready to sell three turkeys at bargain prices. He would only charge one centime for the first toe of the turkey, two centimes for the second, and so on, doubling the amount for each subsequent toe of the three turkeys.

"A shopkeeper, scenting a bargain, immediately closed with the offer. When the calculations as to payment were made, it was found that each turkey has twenty-four toes. Accordingly, the price that he had agreed to pay the farmer came to a total of no less than 167,522 francs 15 centimes. Amidst roars of laughter the farmer agreed to let the turkeys go at a compromise price of 1,000 francs."

* * * * *

There has been much misrepresentation in certain quarters as to the attitude of the French administration to Alsace. On this point a prominent Alsatian who has been a member of both the Chamber of Deputies and of the Senate gave me some valuable documents.

"By a decree of 21 March, 1919", said he, "a High Commissioner of the Republic at Strasbourg was created, and on the same day M. Alexandre Millerand was appointed to this position. From the first he made it clear that France would do all in her power to assist the task of assimilation. Immediately on his arrival in Strasbourg he declared: 'L'Alsace et la Lorraine, en rentrant dans le giron de la mère patrie, ont compris ce que la France a dépensé de ses ressources et du meilleur de son sang pour arriver au merveilleux résultat. Elles n'oublieront pas qu'elles ont, comme le reste du pays, à tenir compte des

intérêts généraux français. Mais il faut proclamer bien haut que la France n'a pas de souci plus vif que celui de donner à leurs désirs les satisfactions qu'elles attendent.'

"Quite early during his visit M. Millerand found himself up against the religious question, a problem that unfortunately continues. The bitter and angry feelings aroused by any attempts to interfere in schools in which religious teaching is given are known in Great Britain, for I have some recollection of reading extracts from fiery speeches made by your Mr. Lloyd George attacking Education Acts before the war. Well, we Alsatians have something in common with your Scotsmen and Welshmen, and you can sympathize with us! Some of us become excited very easily about the entry of priests or ministers into schools.

"The assimilation of the schools of Alsace to the secularized organizations existing in France is proceeding slowly, but the Church in both Alsace and Lorraine is still paid out of public funds, and plays an important part in the control of public elementary education. The system known as the *école interconfessionnelle*, in which religious education of all denominations is admitted, is only introduced by local option."

Here my informant smiled broadly, and he continued half in jest, half in earnest :—

"Sometimes I think that no characteristic has more amply proved that Alsace is French in spirit than the religious controversy of the last few years. Alsace is, however, adopting interdenominational education more readily than Lorraine. The fact that we quarrel so violently over these matters is really a sign of

vitality, but at the same time I would not like you to go away from Alsace under any misapprehension as to the policy of the central administration. On this point M. Millerand made the following declaration :—

" ' Vous pouvez avoir l'assurance que je viens ici avec la ferme volonté de respecter de la façon la plus scrupuleuse vos libertés et vos institutions religieuses. A l'heure où le Parlement souverain aura à déterminer, de concert avec les représentants élus de l'Alsace et de la Lorraine, la condition définitive de ces institutions, le Gouvernement de demain, pas plus que celui d'aujourd'hui, n'oubliera les services rendus à la France par le clergé. La France restera toujours le symbole de la justice et de la liberté. Le Président de la République, le Président du Conseil, le Maréchal Joffre, ont prononcé des paroles garantissant la liberté, les coutumes et les croyances : cette promesse sera tenue par moi.'

" Could you wish for a clearer and more definite statement than that ?

" Then no doubt you will hear a great deal about our national system of health insurance. Well, on that point all I have to say is that we are proud of that system, that we intend to keep it, and that there are good reasons for hoping that the remainder of France may in time, as her finances improve—and on that point I have no doubt whatsoever, knowing so well the industry, the thrift and the keen intelligence of her fellow countrymen—learn from our example and develop a system analogous to ours."

Several times already I have referred to the young Alsatians' love of sport. In town and country the boys and young men play football and other games regularly, while the older men show the typical French trait of taking long tramps on Sundays accompanied

by their sporting dogs, and return triumphant if they have brought down a wild duck or a rabbit.

Apart from the joys of the chase I tried to discover in Strasbourg what forms of recreation were enjoyed by the post-war generation, and was surprised to discover the variety of sporting associations at Strasbourg. "The central club provides", so a local resident told me, "facilities for football, swimming, tennis, and even basket-ball. There is a strong and well supported 'Football Club de Strasbourg'. Rowing is another popular pastime, and the canals, especially on Sundays, are dotted with figures of men in highly coloured costumes paddling for dear life in small canoes. You would be amazed at the energy shown by the Strasbourgeois, who wields his paddle at about three times the speed of the average Englishman in the hottest sun, heedless of dangers of sunstroke.

"The Vosges, too, have become a national playground. There is the Club 'Alpin Français', the Club Vosgien, and an Association happily christened the 'Vosges Trotters'. Even aeroplaning has now its devotees among the sporting Alsatians. There is an Aero Club d'Alsace patronized by those who find even eighty miles an hour in their high-speed cars along the national roads rather too mild a form of amusement.

"Athletics in the broadest sense of the word are increasingly popular amongst the less intellectual classes. But I think that our French University students continue to be very much like your British writer, John Stuart Mill, who confessed to a small dose of 'the animal need of physical activity'. There is in fact at Strasbourg University no special University

athletic club of any kind, and the much vaunted progress of sport in France has not widely affected the student class."

* * * * *

When discussing Strasbourg I mentioned the existence of an English Club in the University. On the work carried out here, Professor Koszul gave me some information. I have never met a man more steeped in English literature and gifted with the power of apt quotation, with the possible exception of Mr. C. E. Montague, formerly of the *Manchester Guardian*, than Professor Koszul. He knows remote manor houses in England where there are stored away manuscripts dating from the sixteenth century, and his scholarship on English literary matters is profound. On the subject of the English Club he said:—

"We have never been able to arrange a definite programme in advance for our Club, as it depends so much on the visitors we get. You know our way of grabbing at the chances which may offer of tapping all possible 'wells of English undefiled'. Perhaps American distinguished visitors are more commonly seen in Strasbourg than the British, and my colleagues in the Sorbonne tell me that they have a similar experience in Paris. However, we have been proud in the five years of our existence to greet in Strasbourg Sir James and Lady Frazer, Dr. Stewart, the 'Pascalisant' of Cambridge, and Sir Edmund Gosse. Mr. Rudyard Kipling was at a banquet that was organized when he was made doctor *honoris causa* of this University.

"We have this year quite a number of English students at the University and a distinguished

Lectrice d'Anglais, Mrs. Tomlinson, the daughter of the London University Professor of Philosophy, Mr. Willdon Carr. I dare say we shall hold our fortnightly meetings fairly regularly, with English conversation as a staple article, and occasional lectures or talk on various subjects, scraps of theatricals, and tit-bits of English music from William Bird to Lord Berners!"

* * * * *

A final conversation deserves to be recorded because it was given me by a man intimately associated with the office of the High Commissioner, who was able to look out on the whole problem of the future of the country with a balanced and experienced judgment.

"The solution of the many political and economic problems that lie before Alsace, as in the remainder of France, depends above all upon harmony between all our citizens. We have imposed peace upon our enemy, but now we must have both wisdom and courage to ensure peace among ourselves. We are each part of a democratic form of government where public opinion is the mistress. We must raise that opinion in the truest sense of the word if we are to maintain the conditions that are most necessary for France's prosperity. The Alsatians are a serious, solid, and common-sense race, very quick to criticize, but at the same time they know how to listen to objections in a reasonable way. They are republican by temperament and by instinct. It is true that forty-four years of oppression have made them extremely susceptible to any suggestion of injustice, but they are as history has made them. Nevertheless, the more I have experience of this race the more I am convinced that in outlook and in spirit they are

an integral part of the French nation, and that although miracles cannot be expected in a comparatively short space of time, their deep affection for France will enable our present and future difficulties to be overcome."

CHAPTER XVI

GOETHE IN ALSACE

Age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds."

TENNYSON

ONE of the most interesting literary books recently published on Alsace has been written by Count Jean de Pange. He is one of the authorities on Alsace-Lorraine, and in company with his wife has taken a prominent part in the renaissance after the Armistice of the intellectual and social life of Strasbourg and Saverne.

The Countess de Pange has many talents, and her sonnets and poems have been published in various Anglo-French reviews. Her grandfather was the Duke de Broglie, who was Prime Minister in 1877, and had the unique experience of sitting in the French Academy in company with his own father. She descends directly from Madame de Staël and from General de Ségur. The Count's home until recently was a manor house near Saverne, and this has many literary associations, as Edmond About lived there for thirteen years.

I am very grateful to Count de Pange for

allowing me to extract from his book *Goethe en Alsace* an account of the stay of the poet at Strasbourg. The Count's writings are inspired with the same outlook as that which is so predominant in the University of Strasbourg, where Dr. Charléty and his colleagues teach that, as their place of learning is at the cross-roads of Central Europe, they must search diligently to discover the best that may be studied in the literature, philosophy, and science of both the Gallic and Teutonic civilizations. The main purpose of Count de Pange's study of Goethe is to prove that he was a "great European" who knew how to combine in his writings the culture of Germany and of France.

Strasbourg University, which Goethe entered in 1770, has always played a prominent part in the intellectual life of Europe. At the time of the Reformation the writings and addresses of the Humanists affected deeply the religious and artistic development of Europe as it emerged out of the Middle Ages. In the latter part of the eighteenth century there was in progress another Renaissance, and indeed Strasbourg at that time was regarded as the centre of German and French culture, drawing to itself the most brilliant young men of the day. Count de Pange aptly suggests that Alsace at that time was a kind of Janus, that had one face turned towards France and the other towards Germany.

The city of Strasbourg to this day bears many traces of French influences of that period, and students of architecture find it a fascinating pastime to wander about the older parts of the town, and trace in the planning of the streets and the decoration of the façades the inspiration of Versailles.

Into such an environment Goethe arrived, anxious

to complete the studies of French language and literature that he had commenced at Frankfort and Leipzig. He found French architecture, arts and crafts, and even costumes, popular to such an extent that he combined with the other German students in order to defend Germanic culture. But it was impossible for him to live in an atmosphere where the very form of the stairs, the shape of the rooms, the designs of the glass and china used on the dinner-tables, and the pictures bore witness to the work of the artists who flourished during the reigns of Louis XIV and XV, without being influenced by his environment.

Goethe had just been ill, and took a delight during his convalescence in the cooking, the furniture, the fashions of France. In a letter dated 23 January, 1770, he said that from Strasbourg he was going on to Paris, evidently regarding his period in Alsace as merely being a stepping-stone on the road to the French capital.

His name, Johannes Wolfgang Goethe, was recorded on the registers of the University on 18 April, 1770. He lived for a time with a M. Schlag in a house with the steep Alsatian roof. There were other persons living there, who had their *déjeuner* and *diner* together in a dining-room which was decorated in the style of Louis XV. At the head of the table was a Dr. Salzmann, a man of culture, with ample private means, who exercised considerable influence upon his younger companions. He had founded in 1760 a Société des Belles Lettres in order to help students to obtain new books as soon as they were published. The discussions around the dinner-table often turned on philosophy, and so Goethe made the acquaintance of

THE UNIVERSITY OF STRASBOURG AND THE PASTEUR MONUMENT

the views of Rousseau and other French leaders of thought. It is interesting to remember that when Salzmann died over forty years later, in the year 1812, he was described in the funeral oration as being a "spiritual brother of Socrates, Gellert, and Fénelon".

The youthful Goethe did not, however, spend all his time in either philosophical discussion or academic study. He frequently made excursions into the mountains, to Ste. Odile, and some of the charming villages in the Vosges. He walked in the public gardens of Strasbourg, and in his writings may be found a description of the Alsatian girls whom he saw here, wearing their native costumes and short skirts. About that time Goethe went to a French barber and had his hair cut in the latest fashion. It is amusing to note in the description of his dress that he wore double pairs of stockings in order to protect himself from the mosquitoes!

Dr. Saltzmann and his friends often used to climb up the steps leading to the spire of the cathedral. On the platform half-way up, that is now one of the favourite resorts of the modern tourist, they used to sit and enter into literary discussions, and, glass in hand, salute the sun as it disappeared behind the Vosges. They had the bad habit of scribbling their names on the stones, and those of certain of the friends who took part in a reunion may still be seen.

Goethe was a frequent visitor to the salon of Louise Koenig, who was a close friend of his sister, and was engaged to his friend, Herder. Her drawing-room was the place of meeting of ladies of fashionable French society, as well as the members of the old city families. Sometimes there came there the Cardinal de Rohan,

accompanied by Cagliostro. This intellectual company gave Goethe the opportunity of learning something of the ways and outlook of French society.

When the Archduchess Marie Antoinette came to Strasbourg, he enjoyed the festivities and welcome given in her honour by the authorities. Goethe described in his letters how he wandered about the streets in order to see the various buildings illuminated, and that he was especially impressed with the sight of the cathedral when lighted up. He wrote strongly, however, of the tactlessness which allowed the pavilion where Marie Antoinette was welcomed to be adorned by tapestries that represented the tragedy of Jason and Medea, and expressed his disgust at the bad taste that allowed a pretty Princess to be greeted by such a horrible spectacle. For many years afterwards this unfortunate decoration was remembered in Strasbourg, and some declared that it was a bad omen and a portent of the final tragedy when the unhappy Queen came to the guillotine.

After this gaiety was finished, Goethe apparently settled down to his studies. He was successful at his first examination, and then with a friend made a tour to some of the towns of Alsace, travelling on horseback. He visited Saverne and the palatial château of Haut-Barr, and later travelled along the road of the Pass of Saverne. This is still in existence, so admirably was it constructed by the engineers of Louis XV. At Thalsbourg the two companions climbed over the rocks and walked through the streets one Sunday on their way through the Vosges to Bouxwiller, and eventually arrived in Lorraine. They returned by Niederbronn, where for the first time Goethe, while examining the remains of the old Roman

baths, came in contact with the fascination of archæological study. He owned that never before, either at Frankfort or Leipzig, had he had the opportunity to examine antiquarian remains. The holiday makers then came back to Strasbourg, passing through the great forest of Haguenau.

But all his time was not given either to study or travel. Alsace no doubt had a permanent influence upon his mental development, but his love affairs are of more than sentimental interest, and affected his writings the remainder of his life.

He seems to have been extremely susceptible. We know that while he was still a student at Leipzig he fell in love with the daughter of his landlady, who apparently had the good sense to realize that as she was three years older, and he was only at the beginning of his student's career, she would be wise not to encourage an affair even with a genius. She therefore married a local magistrate, and Goethe wrote to her somewhat bitterly, "You are for ever worthy of love as a young girl, and yet you wish to become a woman. But I, I remain Goethe."

On arrival in Strasbourg, in order to carry out his anxiety to be a man of fashion, he took lessons with a dancing-master who had two daughters, who spoke only French, and were reputed to be attractive in appearance and extremely clever partners. After the lessons in the waltz and the minuet, he stayed on, and showed a marked preference for the society of the younger sister, Emily. The elder sister, in a fit of jealousy, decided to bring to an end this friendship, and one day after a lesson, "dressed in a nightgown, but still respectable," she came on the scene and hysterically addressed Goethe: "I know that I have

lost you, but at any rate, O my sister, you shall not possess him any more."

With that she threw her arms around Goethe and kissed him several times, crying out :—

"Now listen to my curse. Misfortune shall befall the woman who first shall touch these lips after me!"

The whole story is rather reminiscent of "sobstuff" at a third-rate music-hall, and it may well be that this theatrical scene only took place in Goethe's own imagination.

But his propensity for love-making certainly proved to be unfortunate, as was shown in the case of an Alsatian village girl, Frederica Brion, the daughter of a pastor of Sesenheim, whom he met in the spring of 1771. He paid his first visit to this village while on holiday, and in his enthusiasm declared that Frederica was the incarnation of the beauty and charm of Alsace. In his writings may be found a description of his first impression of the girl, *une étoile bien aimée.* He wrote that she wore the national costume with a short white skirt, a white bodice, and an apron of black taffeta. "Her neck appeared almost too feeble for the heavy golden hair of her charming head." He continues in the same strain, praising her blue eyes and her pretty nose.

Her father, the Protestant pastor, was a very hospitable man, and Goethe stayed with them some days, and returned there frequently whenever he wished to have a change from his University studies. In the evenings they went out together arm-in-arm by the light of the moon, and it is surely not fanciful to magine, as Count de Pange suggests, that the scene in *Faust,* where the two lovers walk in the garden

and Marguerite describes her simple family life, was inspired by those evenings at Sesenheim. After the first evening's walk it is recorded that Goethe made careful inquiries as to whether the girl was betrothed or not, and then, on the following day, he started to return to Strasbourg on horseback in order to obtain a change of clothes. He came back on the same evening, for so anxious was he not to lose a minute of the possible company of the lady who had taken his somewhat wandering fancies, that he had actually borrowed some clothes from some innkeeper on the route, and had thus cut short the longer journey to Strasbourg and back.

Only one letter has been preserved of the lovers' correspondence, but later in life, in the twelfth volume of *Poetry and Truth*, Goethe describes his feelings at this period of his life. Nevertheless in the early stages of the love affair he remembered the curse pronounced by the daughter of his dancing-master, and has placed on record that even when playing games at which forfeits were demanded he avoided any form of embrace. But soon his affections were too much for his resolutions, and he forgot his superstition. After that they swore eternal love the one to the other, and in his *Memoirs* he describes how his presentiments disappeared before "the radiant apparition of Frederica".

During that summer his affections rose to a climax. To the English mind some of his outbursts seem exaggerated and even artificial. The cynic, too, will observe that when in later life he came to edit his early writings he carefully altered certain words in order to avoid giving to the outward world any appearance of having been too violently in love.

For example, in one verse he replaces the word "kiss" by the extremely cold word "regard".

There are many documents in existence, however, that prove to the full how at the time Frederica filled his life. He took to the village a copy of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, that had recently been published at Leipzig in a German translation, and read it aloud. On another occasion he scandalized the father by saying that the existence of mosquitoes made him doubt the wisdom and goodness of God. The pastor replied that these troublesome insects only appeared after the fall of our first parents, but he could not resist laughing when Goethe declared that in those circumstances the mosquitoes would have been quite enough to drive Adam and Eve out of their terrestrial paradise, without there being any need of an archangel with a flaming sword!

The waning of this love affair occurred when Frederica with her mother and elder sister stayed for a few weeks at Strasbourg. While she was in her village with its picturesque environment all was well. But when she appeared in her peasant costume and country manners in the rather smart society of Strasbourg her shortcomings as a lady of fashion were only too obvious to Goethe. He cooled off rapidly, and decided definitely that he would not think of marriage with Frederica. He recognized for the first time the difference in the social scale between the daughter of a village pastor and the heir of an aristocratic family, the son of a rich burgomaster of Frankfort. He realized, too, how Frederica's charm was that of rural Alsace, and that she would be unable to adapt herself to town life. But above all, the lyric genius that had been awakened by his passion felt

that it could not bear to be imprisoned in a bourgeois existence.

In spite of this apparent callousness, there are many signs in his later writings that he felt the parting. For example, in *Clavigo* his hero says, no doubt reproducing the feelings of his creator, "I cannot throw aside the feeling that I have abandoned Marie, and that I have deceived her, call it what you will."

Poor Frederica, her heart was broken when Goethe departed! She returned to her village and lived on, but her gaiety and wit were lost, and her health henceforth was not too good. One of Goethe's friends, Lenz, felt a deep sympathy for her in her distress, which turned eventually to love, but Frederica would have none of his company. Her parents, fearing the consequence of another poetical love affair, sent her away to stay with an uncle. In the meantime Goethe returned to Germany, and when five years later he came back to Alsace he was engaged to a rich banker's daughter.

Frederica, after her parents' death, left Sesenheim, and lived for the rest of her life at Rothau. Records of her work in the parish can still be found in the parochial registers. She died some two years before the Battle of Waterloo, and upon her tomb, which is now a place for pilgrims, are written these lines:—

> "Un rayon du soleil des poétes tomba sur elle,
> Si riche, qu'il lui donna l'immortalité."

Among all the sweethearts of Goethe, surely there is no other who so awakens our curiosity and sympathy as Frederica, and many see in her the woman who inspired the character of Marguerite, who possesses

the same grace and touching simplicity as his early love.

Count de Pange in his monograph on Goethe describes how recently he visited Sesenheim one afternoon and found it still a prosperous village among the woods, with houses built in typical Alsatian style and inhabitants who must have changed very little in the simple rhythm of their rural existence since the time of Goethe. The house of the Pastor Brion has been restored, but it is still possible to walk through the gardens, the old fifteenth-century church, and the paths that have been immortalized by the poet, and also to see the oak-tree under which Goethe is supposed to have sat with Frederica. The local legend is that they were eating together under this tree a single apple that she had brought from the orchard. He told her of the coming separation. She wept, hearing of this, and her tears watered the ground. The pips falling from the apple on the moist earth were trodden under foot, and in time grew into an apple-tree, the roots of which have now entwined with those of the oak, as a symbol of the passion which unites those lovers.

Apart from this village story, we must acknowledge that Alsace inspired Goethe with the main theme of *Faust*. Even the Gothic cathedral where Marguerite and Mephistopheles meet while the choir chant the *Dies iræ* is surely the Cathedral of Strasbourg. The Virgin to whom Marguerite addresses her pathetic appeal must be the Mater Dolorosa that Goethe must often have seen inside the cathedral. In fact, a careful examination of Goethe's works confirms the view that his stay in Strasbourg was the turning-point of his life. There he learnt how both French and German

culture can best be associated. Strasbourg was in truth the town where he learnt international tolerance; how different nationalities and religions may learn to understand and appreciate one another; and how the culture of the Rhenish towns might well be enriched by the intellectual outlook and wit of French civilization.

CHAPTER XVII

SERMONS IN STONES

"I should like to add to the Litany a new petition: for all inhabitants of great towns, and especially for all such as live in any sordid substitute for home which need or foolishness may have contrived."

GEORGE GISSING

ALL those who are concerned with improving the conditions of British towns and villages, whether as architects, town-planners, or mere laymen, will find much to learn in Alsace on these matters. For in this country, as I have several times emphasized before, much of what is best in the civilizations of France and Germany meet. This amalgamation has many points of interest, and not least in the matter of the planning of the modern towns.

As the wayfarer steps out of the main station at Strasbourg, which is not a whit less ugly than King's Cross, he is refreshed by the sight of the open square before him and the rows of houses and shops, a hundred yards away across the open space, arranged in a graceful curve. The square forms a worthy background to the receptions at the station of the Presidents and Kings who visit one of the most beautiful smaller cities of Europe.

Similarly at Sélestat the first impression left on the traveller, as he moves away from the station into the town, is the open space planted with trees. The care with which the railway stations are placed is of course characteristic of German town-planning, and many of the German cities owe much to the broad avenues leading to and from the railway stations.

French architects and others would, however, indignantly deny that town-planning is distinctively of German origin, and indeed any student of the subject knows that the French have taught the modern world how to transform mediæval byways into broad thoroughfares, with vistas skilfully arranged of the chief buildings and monuments. As long ago as 1790 a plan for Paris was prepared by the architect Verniquet, and Napoleon I found the axis lines of the planning of the central buildings of Paris already decided, and prepared the way for later reconstruction by forming sixty new streets. Haussmann in 1853, under Napoleon III, conceived a plan of development which eventually cost nearly fifty million pounds, but which has certainly proved to be a good investment to Paris. Since then Paris has improved upon its plans, and the French Government anticipated Dr. Addison, of post-war history in this country, by passing a law before 1914 making it compulsory for every town in France that has a population exceeding 10,000 to prepare a plan for its improvement and future extension. A more recent Act provides that every town or village destroyed by any act of war must prepare a town plan before rebuilding takes place.

I am giving these facts because one of the claims most frequently made by apologists for Germany is

that at any rate in Alsace and Lorraine they have shown the world how to plan the towns. It is true that the book *Der Stadtebau*, written by Camillo Sitte, and published in 1889, led to an abandonment of too formal plans, and encouraged streets to be laid out according to the contours ; but we must not imagine that Germany could have produced her town plans if it had not been for the influence of France. All students of this subject should certainly take the opportunity of visiting Nancy on their way to Strasbourg, for there, under the influence of King Stanislas, whose romantic career I have described earlier, the Place Stanislas was laid out by Héré in 1750, and even such details as grilles of wrought iron were skilfully designed in order to link together the angles of the square. At Nancy the value of open spaces in setting off fine buildings can be well studied.

The Germans have, however, performed a service to the future prosperity of Alsace by zoning some of the industrial towns, and insisting that industrial developments and the erection of factories, chimneys, and warehouses should be confined to one district, and the residential areas laid out elsewhere. Apart from town-planning, there is much to interest the lover of architecture.

It sometimes surprises me to hear from my architectural friends that they have rushed through Alsace on their way to Vienna, but have never stopped even for a few hours to enjoy a most varied selection of monuments of the past that may be found there. As to-day teachers in some of the architectural schools in Great Britain are advising their students not to overlook the attractions of a land where they can study at leisure cathedrals, churches, castles, museums,

domestic works both large and small in a small country where travelling is inexpensive and the cost of living is not extravagant, I have tried to collect together in this chapter notes of some of the more important Alsatian buildings according to their historical interest. To some of these I have already referred, and in any case out of such an abundance it is only possible to describe a few.

The oldest of all the buildings in Alsace is certainly the mysterious wall or embankment that surrounds the top of the hill on which the convent of Ste. Odile stands. The circumference of this pagan wall is about seven miles, and it is believed that at one time some of the primitive inhabitants in Alsace sheltered here with their tribal gods, their children and their treasures and their cattle, when they fled from the invasion of the barbarians who swept across the Rhine.

Later, after Cæsar defeated Ariovistus, the Pax Romana was enforced. Then for a long period until the middle of the third century there was little fighting, but in spite of this all the larger buildings, the arenas, baths, and theatres such as survive at Orange, Arles, and Nîmes in Provence, have entirely disappeared in Alsace. Innumerable medals, pots, bronzes, and mosaics are stored away even in the smallest museums, and bear witness to the prosperous times under the Roman Emperors.

After their decline the curtain fell. Archæologists can find little trace in Alsace of either the Merovingian or Carlovingian period of European history. Only at the end of the eleventh century there began to be built on the crests of the hills and in the plains the baronial castles, the ruins of which are now resorts of tourist parties. Their walls, built of the red-hued

sandstone of the district, have crumbled away, and are now covered with moss and grass. The castles are so many in number that it would be impossible to enumerate them all here, and indeed they will be easily found by the wayfarer who travels by car or even on foot.

On this point I should like to answer a question that has often been asked me by those who love architecture and prefer walking to motoring. Already I have referred to the pilgrimages made by the bourgeois to the convent of Ste. Odile. In this case a train can be taken as far as Otrott, changing at Roesheim. At Otrott you proceed on foot to the château, an interesting building, and then mount up to Ste. Odile. Such an excursion takes about five hours. Or another walk is to the rocks of Davo, going by train as far as Romanswiller, and then on foot. The most favourite excursion of all is to the castle at Haut-Koenigsberg, restored extravagantly by the Kaiser.

It is, however, possible to walk out from almost any centre in Alsace and visit on foot architectural remains of mediæval castles or churches of varying periods. One of the most ancient of the castles is the Château de Saint-Ulrich, which occupies a commanding position above Ribeauville. The donjon and one of the façades are almost intact.

A church of about the same period is the church of Thiébault, that is usually called the Cathedral of Thann. This building is in fact a cathedral in miniature. The spire was completed in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and like that of the Cathedral of Strasbourg has a lightness and delicacy that prove the skill of the stone craftsmen of that

CHATEAU OF ST. ULRICH ABOVE RIBEAUVILLÉ

era. Architects especially admire the happy proportions of the nave and the choir, and regret that some of the decoration, notably the statues on the exterior, should have suffered from restoration both at the time of the Second Empire and later by Germany.

Fortunately this building was spared from being hit by shells during the war, although the front line was only comparatively a few hundred yards away. Some of the houses in the neighbourhood of the cathedral suffered slightly from the bombardment in the early days of the war, but later, for various reasons, the Germans showed towards this cathedral a consideration which was markedly absent at Rheims. It is possible that the German Higher Command were so obsessed with the hope of recovering this part of France which they had lost in 1914 that they decided not to damage more than possible property that might before long again become part of the German Empire. In any case in this part of the line there seemed to be a tacit understanding on both sides that war should be a comparatively mild affair, and there was a very marked contrast in the tranquillity and absence of casualties to the continuous noise and slaughter on more active parts of the front.

Whatever be the reason for this curious difference, we can well be thankful that the beautiful Cathedral of Thann was not damaged. There was indeed only one important historical monument in Alsace that suffered during the late war. This is the church of St. Léger at Guebwiller, one of the towers of which was struck by a French shell, but the damage has long since been repaired. This church was built distinctively in the Teutonic style of architecture and is richly decorated.

The most ancient church in Alsace of the Romantic period is at Ottmarsheim, which lies between the forest of the Hardt and the Rhine. This belonged to a Benedictine community, and dates from the eleventh century. The plan of the church is octagonal, and is indeed a most careful reproduction of the chapel of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Another church well worth a visit by those interested in mediæval architecture is at Murbach, close to Guebwiller. The situation in some respects resembles that of Tintern Abbey in Wales, for the church stands at the bottom of a narrow valley, overshadowed with wooded hills. On the crests of the hills around there still remain the ruins of the fortresses that were built by the monks in order to defend their community, for the abbey was reputed to be one of the richest in Europe, and therefore was a temptation to the robber barons, who travelled about seeking whom they might plunder. The German archæologists claim that this church belongs to the Rhine school, but there are distinct traces of the influence of the architecture of Cluny.

Another extremely old abbey is at Marmoutier. The façade is somewhat heavy. There are two octagonal towers, and the interior of the church is built in Gothic style, with a choir that possesses delicate wood carving dating from the eighteenth century.

I have already spoken elsewhere about the church of St. Foy at Sélestat, which is regarded by many as being the most beautiful of all existing churches in Alsace. At the risk of appearing boastful, however, I fancy that in almost any county in England we could discover churches that present architectural

beauties equal, if not superior, to those that are most praised abroad. It is not our fashion, however, to blow the trumpet about our own treasures. At the same time it will be all to the good if we can encourage more in the future French lovers of architecture to come to this country, just as we make a point of standing in rapt admiration in front of such a cathedral as Chartres or Strasbourg, while we rush madly past Lincoln without even looking out of the train when travelling from Grantham to Newark. St. Foy has its points, but I regret the way the German restorers have mangled the interior and have tried to follow the Munich school of colouring in their restoration.

An amusing controversy has arisen of recent years as to the origin of Gothic architecture. Goethe once declared at Strasbourg that Gothic architecture was German architecture, but such a well-known scholar as M. Dehys, who was until recently Professor of the History of Art at Strasbourg, claims that Gothic architecture was, in fact, born in the Isle of France, and from there expanded to the whole of Europe.

There are three notable examples to illustrate his claims for Gothic architecture. The one is the church of St. Florant at Niederhaslach, a beautiful building that was atrociously restored in the last century. St. Martin at Colmar is so famous, and is such a real work of art, that it certainly must not be missed by any true lover of architecture. As an example of M. Dehys' theory, it is interesting to note that among the statues is one of the architect, Humbret, who came from the Isle of France. But the most beautiful of all to my mind is the church of St. Pierre and St. Paul at Wissembourg, that dates from the thirteenth

century. The cloisters near by with Gothic galleries dating from the fourteenth century are as beautiful as some of those in our English cathedrals. Here again restoration and the use of slates have not improved an historic building, which owes much of its present charm to quaint surroundings.

Since the war the French Government, which recognizes the importance of safeguarding artistic and historical treasures, has applied to Alsace the law of 1913 for the preservation of historical monuments. There were curiously enough a number of old buildings that had been systematically disregarded by the German authorities because of their French characteristics—a somewhat petty reprisal. Among these are the Château of Rohan at Strasbourg, the cloisters of Unterlinden at Colmar, the gateway of Thann at Cernay, and the fortifications of Rosheim. Fortunately the German administration had paid special attention to Strasbourg Cathedral, and the work of preservation that they began is being continued by the French, under the direction of the Minister of Fine Arts.

It is also interesting to recollect that after 1919 an architectural department was instituted at the University, and a regional school of architecture created on the lines of those already established at Lille, Lyons, Rennes, Rouen and Marseilles, that has set to work to protect and develop architecture and town-planning generally.

Those parts of the battlefields that have exceptional historical interest are also being preserved, together with the places where long-range guns were fired, the one at Zillisheim, that fired on Belfort, and another at Hampont, that reached as far as Nancy.

LA MAISON PFISTER AT COLMAR

AN OLD FOUNTAIN IN COLMAR

Many visitors will regret that the thought now being devoted to historical monuments could not also be expended upon the prevention of the blatant advertisements that disfigure some of the beauty spots of the old towns. The tax on advertisements that brings in an appreciable revenue to the State has not deterred those who wish to advertise their wares in a vulgar manner, and certainly my enjoyment of several old buildings was diminished by large posters in crude modernist style boosting motor tyres and cocoa. It is true that we in England cannot throw stones, since even in our rural districts hideous advertisements of whisky and patent medicines disfigure many a vista. But in this country an amended Advertisements Regulation Act has, after many years of Parliamentary difficulties, at last received Royal assent, and local authorities now will, we hope, use their powers in order to prevent the callous advertisers from spoiling fine buildings and beautiful landscapes.

There are many in France who also wish to safeguard their land from vandalism, and hope to see advertisements treated artistically; but as Tacitus aptly said nearly two thousand years ago, "The public is not really judge of what is good or bad", and it is no easy task to carry through such measures. Nevertheless, in a country so rich in historical monuments—beautiful and impressive sermons in stone—on which the French Government is lavishing the care of some of her most skilled architects, possibly it may be allowed to an English admirer to express the hope that the craze for multi-coloured advertising may not be allowed to continue unchecked.

CHAPTER XVIII

ALSACE TO-DAY

"Quoi que l'on dise ou que l'on fasse,
On changera plutôt le cœur de place
Que de changer la vieille Alsace!"

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

THE wayfarer on his return from Alsace is invariably asked a number of questions. I propose to try to answer some of these, although on matters relating to expenses or the choice of hotels it is obviously difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules.

"How do we get to Alsace?" This is the first question to arise, for the majority of Englishmen have only a vague idea that Alsace is somewhere in Central Europe, possibly in the neighbourhood of Bohemia. There are three main routes to Alsace. The quickest is to leave Victoria Station, London, in the afternoon, and travel by Calais and Metz, arriving at Strasbourg the following morning.

A somewhat longer journey, but one full of interest to those who wish to break their journey, is to travel via Dover to Ostend. A train connects with the boat service which goes through Brussels, Luxembourg, and Metz, and arrives at Strasbourg also on the following morning.

The third and more general route is to go to Paris, via Boulogne, cross from the Gare du Nord to the Gare de l'Est, and thence to Strasbourg, passing through Nancy and Saverne.

A special note should be made by anyone intending to visit Alsace, that during the summer months the Alsace-Lorraine Railway Company runs, in four stages, a motor tour known as "La Route des Vosges." This service runs between Strasbourg and Belfort, or vice versa, passing through some of the prettiest valleys of Alsace. Leaving Strasbourg, it goes on through Mutzig, renowned for its vineyards; past Obernai, a little village crowned by the Mont Ste. Odile, from which a panorama of the entire Alsatian plain can be obtained; then to Hohwald, situated in the heart of the forest with its famous Schlittage roads, and next comes to Sélestat, one of the oldest cities of Alsace. I have described several of these places earlier in this book.

The second stage, with Colmar for objective, passes through Haut-Koenigsbourg, with its castle restored by William II; Ribeauville, delightfully situated in the Strenbach Valley; past Aubure through the Col du Bonhomme to the Lac Blanc and the Lac Noir. Then the cars go to Kayserberg, a veritable museum of mediæval architecture, and so on to Colmar.

The third stage goes on to Mulhouse by way of Turckheim, situated at the opening of the Munster Valley, past Trois-Epis, a popular summer resort surrounded by forests, the town of Linge, the Col de la Schlucht (3,709 feet), the Vosges Ridge (former boundary between France and Alsace), and the Hohneck (3,444 feet); on to Cernay, partly destroyed

during the war, from where the famous Hartmannswillerkopf is easily reached.

The journey from Mulhouse to Belfort constitutes the final stage of the tour. *En route* Thann is passed, charmingly situated and dominated by the ruins of the Château d'Englebourg; next come Massevaux, Bussang, a popular resort and well known spa, and the Ballon d'Alsace (4,043 feet). At Belfort there is a connection for "Le Route du Jura" motor service.

* * * * *

Another question that is always asked by those who admire the photographs of the scenery or hear travellers' tales of economical living is, "What hotel do you advise us to stay at during our visit?"

It is impossible to recommend hotels without knowing how much travellers wish to spend and what standard of comfort they expect. Much also depends on the rate of exchange. I have stayed twice at the Maison Rouge in the Place Kléber at Strasbourg, which is first class, and where an *à la carte* dinner is served, equal to any that may be obtained in London or Paris. The price is, of course, heavy as compared with that of a *table-d'hôte* dinner served in many other good restaurants in Strasbourg, but extraordinarily cheap when francs can be bought at over a hundred to the pound! A dinner, for example, that would certainly cost, with wines, over 30s. in a good London hotel, can be enjoyed at the Maison Rouge for less than 10s. In at least a dozen restaurants in Strasbourg a good lunch or dinner can be obtained for 15 francs. A slightly cheaper hotel, but good, is the Hôtel de la Ville de Paris in the Place Broglie. For those who are prepared to go to a distinctively

PLACE KLÉBER AT STRASBOURG

French hostelry, that does not attempt to cater especially for Americans and English and is therefore much less expensive, there is the Hôtel de France, and at least half a dozen other reliable places. In Mulhouse and Colmar there are also hotels of the first grade, and in the Vosges many that cater especially for tourists.

In all the smaller towns there are comfortable inns, but of course not luxurious hotels. On the whole I thought these were a good deal cleaner and very much cheaper than hotels of a similar grade in the rest of France. In towns like Sélestat, Saverne, Obernai, Barr, and Thann, a clean bedroom can usually be obtained at the minimum of 8 francs, and a thoroughly substantial meal for 8 or 10 francs.

Those who are contemplating a tour will be well advised to consult on all these matters the Office Français du Tourisme, at 56 Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, and I personally owe a great debt of gratitude to M. Maurice Vignon, the distinguished director, for many kindnesses. This office provides information on all questions likely to interest those intending to go to France.

* * * * *

Politicians of course invariably ask the wayfarer questions as to the comparative happiness of the people under France or Germany. As I have referred to this aspect of Alsace many times already, there is no necessity to repeat the facts. No doubt the reader will have noted for himself that although France is proving to be much more liberal and generous in outlook, Alsace owes something to Germany, especially

the planning of the towns, the broad roads, and the modern sanitation, and an efficient local administration.

Even at the risk of giving offence, I must emphasize the mischief done by the anti-clericals in recent French administrations who attempted to threaten the influence of religious organizations. Germany, possibly for reasons of her own, had encouraged extreme freedom in religious thought, and M. Herriot, by his blundering attack on religious education, aroused the combined opposition of both Catholics and Protestants. There is good reason to believe that later administrations in Paris realized to the full that whoever touches the controversial question of religion in Alsace arouses a hornet's nest, for the religious instincts of the people are intense.

It is sometimes said by the ill-informed that Alsace-Lorraine is Protestant. Official figures reveal, however, the fact that about 90 per cent. in the two provinces attend Catholic services. There is, however, in every town and almost every village a Protestant "temple", and also in many cases a synagogue. The Jews number about 40,000, and Jewish politicians were almost the only members of the Alsatian population that gave any support to M. Herriot.

Travelling in France, and especially in Alsace, brings home the religious revival that has taken place on the Continent since the war. Undoubtedly the heroism of priests and Protestant pastors and the Jewish Rabbis who served with the troops in the trenches attracted the sympathy of Frenchmen, and so helped to a religious revival. On one Sunday early in June at Sélestat I found the cathedral and another large church only a hundred yards away crowded to

the doors from the first Mass in the early hours of the morning till Benediction in the evening. At High Mass at 9 a.m. it was impossible to effect an entry into the church, for even the porches were packed with men standing at the open doors. At the next service at 10.15 a.m. there was not a chair vacant so far as I could see, and the proportion of men present was greater than that of women. The Protestant church was also full. A characteristic of all churches visited was their extreme cleanliness and the way free ventilation of air was encouraged.

There is also great religious toleration. In one of the churches at Strasbourg, Mass is said in the nave and Protestant services held in one of the aisles. In many of the schools for many years past there has been similar toleration. Dr. Pfister, the Dean of the Faculty of Letters in the University of Strasbourg, told me that he was taught in a school near Colmar, where in 1841 both Protestant pastors and Catholic priests came to give religious teaching.

The profound religious instincts of Alsace are also evidenced at the University of Strasbourg, where the two faculties of Catholic and Protestant theology have been lately strengthened. I was privileged to meet a class of Catholic students studying Canon Law who had come from Poland, Greece, Portugal, Bohemia, and amongst them a monk from Philippopolis.

* * * * *

Business men usually ask whether Alsace is more prosperous under France than under Germany. In general it may be replied that there has been a very marked improvement in the economic position, but figures as to pre-war commerce are unreliable. Such

statistics as are sometimes quoted do not show the former volume of trade of Alsace alone, for the Department did not appear as a separate State in the official records of German custom.

It is, however, beyond dispute that the figures available for individual industries, notably for textiles, potash, and engineering, show that there has been a distinct advance and an increased turnover since the Armistice.

To-day the pre-war output of the textile industry, for example, has been recovered, and there are at work at least 1,900,000 cotton spindles, 38,000 cotton weaving looms, 700,000 spindles for wool, 151 printing machines, 28,000 silk spindles, and 6,200 jute spindles. This re-establishment of the textile industry is largely due to the fact that the French have provided new markets. For example, one spinning mill now places 75 per cent. of its total production in France, as compared with ten years ago, when 90 per cent. was sent into Germany. The remainder of the present output goes to Czecho-Slovakia, England, Switzerland and America. The same is true of the jute trade at Bischwiller. The English visitor must be struck with the brains and initiative of the management and the modern plant installed.

The export of potash is another growing industry, for at the south end of the narrow valley between the Vosges and the Rhine are the potash mines that were discovered, largely by accident, by a M. Joseph Vogt, while he was searching for oil or petrol in the suburbs of Mulhouse in 1904. He found two beds of a substance called sylvinite, which is a mixture of chloride of soda and chloride of potash, at a depth of over 625 metres. These beds were found to be

much richer than those of Central Germany, and therefore without delay mines were developed; but owing to the fact that there was potash already in Germany they never reached their full production until after the Armistice. Scientists estimate that the Alsatian beds contain more than 300,000,000 tons of pure potash, a quantity sufficient to supply the whole world with the amount required, at the present rate of consumption, for 200 years. The French have supplied more modern technical equipment, with the result that whereas in 1913 the Germans raised only about 350,000 tons of raw salts, the French extracted in 1923 approximately 1,600,000 tons, or four and a half times as much as the Germans.

In the region of Mulhouse alone there are to-day seventeen pits that are able to produce 7,000 tons of potash per day, of which America is one of the largest consumers. Business men in that district prophesy a rich future, as estimates show that the seams cover a hundred square miles of land, stretching as far away as Thann and Guebwiller.

The chemical industry was originally developed in order to provide the dyes needed in the textile industry. The first chemical factory was created in 1808 at Thann, when Alsace was French, but the industry grew slowly until 1837, when the first railway line was built from Mulhouse. For nearly a century it has been growing in prosperity. Chemical factories suffered during the war when they were taken over by the German Government, and were in some cases used as store-places for German war material. Since that date, however, they have been reconstructed and transformed.

In order that there may be rapid transport of the

various goods produced, and also that electrical power may be provided cheaply, an ambitious scheme has recently been approved for building what is known as the Grand Canal of Alsace. Before 1817 the Rhine often overflowed its banks and flooded the plain, but after that date dykes and special banks were built so as to restrain the river. Engineers have for a long time been anxious to utilize the flow of the river, which has a power, at least for seven months in the year, equal to 900,000 horsepower. In order to produce a similar power by steam it would be necessary to spend at the present rate of exchange nearly a thousand million francs a year. Accordingly, M. René Koechlin, as long ago as 1902, proposed to commercial men at Mulhouse that this canal should be made, and the motive power of the Rhine harnessed, but practically no progress was made, and there is reason to think that there was official opposition from the German bureaucrats, and also from German commercial interests.

The war has, however, completely changed the situation, for the Treaty of Peace gave France the exclusive right of taking from the Rhine the water needed for feeding the canals and also for producing electricity, subject to the conditions that navigation was not hampered thereby or taxation increased. The scheme has therefore at last taken definite form and has received general approval. A huge electrical works is to be built at Kembs, where it is estimated that electrical power equal to 120,000 horsepower will be provided during the greater part of the year. Although it is probable that the scheme will not be completed in the lifetime of this generation, it is expected that it will eventually revolutionize industry

in that part of Alsace that lies conveniently situated to the Rhine.

In spite of the many advantages—the fertility of the soil, magnificent railway communications, cheap power and industrious workmen—this frontier country suffers like the rest of Europe, only in some respects in a more intensified form, from the heritage of the war. The uncertainty of the exchanges causes many a sleepless night to Alsatian business men who have to buy the raw materials for their manufactures either in sterling or dollars. Fortunately for them, soon after the Armistice the French Government performed an act of generosity which is practically unknown to the world. Those Alsatians who possessed capital not invested abroad found that it was valued in marks, which of course became of little value after the German downfall. The French Government agreed to pay for every mark at the rate of 1.25 francs, and owing to this generosity many an Alsatian was saved from ruin. But there were others who had invested in German War Loan or held stock in German towns, and who find as a consequence that their life earnings have considerably diminished. Such persons complain bitterly of taxation, for Alsace is taxed to-day more heavily than the remainder of France.

There is still a good deal of misunderstanding with regard to French taxation, which comes under two headings, direct and indirect. Industrial and commercial profits are taxed at the rate of over 9 per cent.; agricultural profits 7·2 per cent.; salaries, pensions, and annuities 7·2 per cent.; income from professional services 7·2 per cent.; income from deposits, stocks, and shares 12 per cent., or 14·4 per cent. if the securities are foreign; and 12 per cent. on income

derived from real property. After paying on these six schedules, there is a tax upon the net income that is payable on an ascending scale amounting to as much as 60 per cent. on incomes in excess of £5,000 a year. In order to encourage marriage and children, unmarried persons above the age of thirty who have no dependents are liable for a further 25 per cent. on this super-tax. There are also death duties, customs duties, and turnover taxes.

In Alsace, however, there is additional taxation, owing to the fact that the social services provided there are much more highly developed than in the rest of France. There is, for example, an extremely comprehensive pensions scheme in addition to sickness, accident, and unemployment benefit. Special assistance is given for funeral expenses, and there are all manner of schemes to assist mothers and their babies. All these social advantages cost money, and the Alsatian taxpayer has to foot the bill.

Replying therefore to the general question as to the welfare of the people under France, which an Englishman looking at the matter from a detached angle may be able to answer, the more I hear of the past, the more I am surprised at the multitude of grave mistakes that the Germans committed. They acted brusquely and brutally at times, and at other times thought that material advantages might compensate for insulting behaviour.

The French are taking care to be more conciliatory. The proposal of the President, M. Doumergue, to have a residence in Strasbourg, referred to elsewhere, will help considerably, for it will enable him and his successors to understand more intimately the outlook of those who live on this frontier land. I am convinced

that the Alsatians now know their power, and will use to the full the rights of free citizenship granted them by France. They will bring to the Mother-country an independence of thought and a resolution of will that may have more influence upon the future of Europe than is sometimes realized.

I was struck, for example, by the comment made to me on the growth of Communism at Mulhouse by a man who is responsible for the direction of several mills in that city. He observed: "I find that many think that the French should have extended the hand of friendship to Republican Germany in 1919 as the British did to the Boers after the South African War. Clemenceau should have encouraged German Republicans as against the Militarists. This would have done much to have kept down the Junker element. Personally I would like to see an alliance formed between France, Great Britain, and Germany, and should not be surprised if this came about under the menace of Bolshevism. Even at Mulhouse I know how Communism is on the increase, and am sure that we must do our utmost to combat this evil that is growing in Western Europe."

I do not suggest that the outlook for the future thus expressed by a Mulhouse business man is typical of all his fellow-countrymen, but it is of interest in showing the direction of possible developments.

For the present no outside visitor can talk to all sorts and conditions of men without returning home convinced that Alsace is contributing to the life of France to-day, not only a devoted affection, that is bound to be all the more enduring because of the martyrdom since 1870, but also sound practical sense, with which all classes are well endowed.

Any attempt to centralize unduly, or any affront given to the deep religious sensibilities of the people, will arouse immediate opposition from an individualistic and independent race. The wiser heads of those responsible for the government of France appreciate to the full the delicacy of the present position, and it is largely due to them that since the Armistice the transfer of Alsace to France has, speaking generally, been carried out with such tact and understanding that the loyalty of the country is being daily deepened.

INDEX

About, 33
Administration, 127, 165
Adolphus of Nassau, 123
Advertisements, 192
Aeroplanes, 56
Alpine Chasseurs, 1, 48, 86, 151
Alps, 115
Altkirch, 150
Apollo, 38
Appell, 7, 45
Architecture, 61, 91, 124, 155, 186, 189, 191
Arles, 187
Armagnacs, 139
Army in 1871, 129
Art, 58, 140
Avignon, 82
Avricourt, 22

Baines, Sir Frank, 84
Barges, 57
Barr, 197
Bazin, René, 81
Belfort, 5, 196
Bellows, 33
Berand, 92
Bereswinde, 78
Berthelot, General, 12
Bitche, 37
Bolton, 145
Bordeaux, 57
Brumath, 74
Business, 199
Bussang, 196

Cæsar, 1, 123
Caillaux, M., 159
Camerlynck, M., vi
Canal, 57, 202
Canavy, Lieutenant, 150
Castelnau, 149
Cathedral of Strasbourg, 45
Catholics, 24, 198
Census, 24
Cernay, 149, 195
Charlemagne, 1, 94
Charles the Bold, 139
Charléty, Dr., 24, 51, 54
Chasseurs Alpins, 1, 48, 86, 151
Château Thierry, 21
Chemical industry, 201
Clemenceau, 65
Clock, 46
Colmar, 101, 117, 155, 192, 195, 197
Communism, 205
Conrad III, 83
Constant, 5
Costumes, 26, 119, 122, 175
Cotton, 5, 119, 154

Dachert, M., 61
Dannemarie, 150
Deputies, 6, 97
Derby, Lord, xi, 87, 92, 98
Devastation, 27
Dollfus, 139, 144
Dominicans, 155
Doré, 5
Dornach, 149
Doumergue, M., 47, 204
Dubail, General, 149
Dunkirk, 57

Edhardt, 84
Education, 166
Electricity, 146, 155
Englebourg, 196
Epernay, 21
Erasmus, 59
Erckmann-Chatrian, 5
Exhibition of Decorative Art, 140

Falkenhayn, 135
Faust, 182
Fecht, 116
Finance, 30
Fine Arts, 192
Food, 26, 196
Football, 97, 167, 153
Forstner, 134
Frankfort, Treaty of, 5, 154
Frazer, Sir James, 169
Freundstein, 155
Future of Alsace, 171

Geispolsheim, 122
German language, 12, 51
Germany, 132
Goethe, 172, 183
Golf Club, 87
Gosse, Sir Edmund, 33
Gouraud, 48
Greece, 58
Grumwell, 104
Guebwiller, 150, 154, 189
Gunzert, 130
Gymnastic fête, 47, 169

Haguenau, 35, 120
Hampont, 192
Hanau, 75
Hansi, 120, 130, 134
Hartmann, 118
Hartmannswillerkopf, 150
Haussmann, 185
Haut-Barr, 32
Haut-Koenigsbourg, 82, 195
Haut-Rhin, 28
Havre, 57
Heidenbach, 116
Henri VII, 123
Herrick, 87
Herriot, 12, 24, 198
Hindenburg, 10, 28
Historical monuments, 35
Hohneck, 118, 195
Hohwald, 195
Hollweg, Bethmann-, 136
Home Rule for Alsace, 7, 12
Hotels, 196
Housing, 60, 97, 118
Huguenots, 141
Humanists, 173

Imperial town, 139
Industrial Revolution, 138
Inns, 197
Insurance, 143, 167, 204

Jane Eyre, 143
Jardins Ungemach, 61

Jews, 198
Joffre, Marshal, 1
Jura, 115
Jute, 200

Kaiser, 1, 82
Kaltenbach, 155
Kayserberg, 123, 195
Kellermann, 4
Kembs, 202
Kingersheim, 144
Kipling, 169
Kléber, 4
Koechlin, 139
Koszul, M., 44, 169

Lac Blanc, 118, 195
Lac Noir, 118, 195
Lac Vert, 118
Lancashire, 119, 138–144
Lauter, 68
Laws, 160
League of Nations, 132
Lefebvre, 4
Lembach, 75
Lenossos, 123
Lièpvrette, 119
Linge, 195
Lloyd George, 52, 98, 143, 166
Local taxation, 162
Locarno, 137
London, 194
Lord Derby, xi, 87, 92, 98
Lorraine, 2, 72, 119
Louis XIII, 101
Louis XIV, 114
Louis XV, 2, 70, 89
Lunéville, 22

Maison Rouge, 197
Marie Antoinette, 49, 176
Marne, 21, 150
Marseillaise, 2
Mary, Queen of Scots, 41
Massevaux, 196
Maupassant, 160
Meistratsheim, 122
Metz, 41, 194
Metzéral, 121
Millerand, 23, 60, 162, 165
Morsbronn, 75
Mulhouse, 133, 138–147, 197, 205
Municipalities, 160
Munster, 41, 116, 117
Murbach, 155
Museums, 142
Mutzig, 195

Nancy, 41, 186, 192
Napoleon, 4, 50, 142
Naturalization, 25
Niederbronn, 35, 75
Nîmes, 187

Oberkirch, Baroness, 105
Obernai, 76, 120, 122, 195, 197
Oberseebach, 122
Office Français du Tourisme, 197
Officials, 25
Orange, 187
Orangerie, 45
Otrott, 188

Painlevé, M., 48
Pange, Count de, 33, 172
Paris, 185, 195
Pau, General, 8
Pechelbronn, 73
Pfister, Professor, 77, 94, 199
Pickelstein, 37

Place Broglie, 197
Poincaré, M., 64
Poland, 69
Port of Strasbourg, 57
Potash, 200
Protestantism, 122, 140, 198
Provence, 187

Railways, 20, 74, 195
Rapp, General, 4
Rapp, Vicar-General, 7
Rates, local, 159
Reichshoffen, 74
" Reisling " wine, 115
Religious question, 94, 166, 198
Rhine, 127
Ribeauville, 188, 195
Rimington, 96
Riquewihr, 115
Rochdale, 145
Rohan, 175
Rohans, Château des, 58
Rosheim, 120
Rouget de l'Isle, 2
Route des Vosges, 195
Rutté, M., 61

Sabatier, 53
Sainte - Odile, 1–77, 175, 187
Saltzmann, 174
Sanitation, 161
Sarrebourg, 35
Saverne, 22–30, 32–42, 177
Schlucht, 195
Schmidt, 9
Schnug, 85
Schools, 166
Scotland, 41
Sélestat, 88 onwards, 195
Sesenheim, 178
Silk mills, 154
Sitté, 186
Social services, 95, 204
Soultzeren, 118
Spender, Dr. Harold, 52
Spinning mills, 119
Sport, 167
St. Marie-aux-Mines, 119
Stanilas Leszcynski, 2, 69
Stichaner, 69
Storks, 55
Stosswihr, 117
Strasbourg, 2, 12, 43, 161, 173, 184, 192, 195, 199
Strenbach, 195
Stuart, Charles Edward, 41
Sturm, 50
Switzerland, 139
Sylvinite, 200

Taufflieb, Senator, 136
Taxation, 59, 203
Teutsch, 6
Textile industry, 119, 200
Thalsbourg, 22
Thann, 148–157, 188, 196
Thiébault, Church of St., 188
Thiersteins, 83
Timber, 34
Tomlinson, Mrs., 170
Town planning, 185
Trois-Epis, 121, 195
Turckheim, 119, 195
Turenne, 101, 120

Ulrich, St., 188
Ungemach, 61
United Associations of Great Britain and France, xi

University of Strasbourg, 12, 25, 30, 169, 173, 192
Unwin, Dr. Raymond, 144

Versailles, 137
Vignon, M. Maurice, 197
Voltaire, 117
Vosges, 168

Wardrop, Sir Oliver, vi
Weiller, Lazare, M., v, 87
Westphalia, Treaty of, 83
Wetterlé, Abbé, 8
Wigan, 138
Wilhelm II, 82
Wilson, President, 25
Wines, 28, 115
Winter sports, 121
Wissembourg, 46, 67
Working class, 142

Ypres, 152

Zabern, 135
Zillesheim, 192
Zoning, 186
Zorn, 32, 74

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY UNWIN BROTHERS, LIMITED
PRINTERS, LONDON AND WOKING

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 10029 983 1